

space city!

formerly... space city news

Volume 2 number 10

October 17-October 30... 1970...

houston, texas

20¢
SPACE CITY

25¢
OUTA TOWN



FRESH
EARTH

Peoples Constitutional Convention

Comrades & Friends:

At this stage in our struggle to gain basic human and constitutional rights, the Black Panther Party sees it necessary to call a Revolutionary Peoples Constitutional Convention to be held tentatively in Washington, D.C. on November 6. However, in order to make the Revolutionary Peoples Constitutional Convention an overwhelming success we need people who are willing to involve themselves and lend their expertise.

One of the priorities in organizing the Revolutionary Peoples Constitutional Convention is the raising of funds to pay for the overwhelming expense that we will incur. Therefore we ask that you make a concerted effort through whatever means necessary — film showings, cocktail parties, rock concerts, etc. — as your contribution towards making the Revolutionary Peoples Constitutional Convention a reality.

The Black Panther Party and other progressive people would be most grateful for whatever monetary types of support that you can lend and we welcome that. You should keep in close contact with the nearest chapter, branch or National Committee to Combat Fascism in your area. All monies raised should be made out to Constitutional Convention Committee and mailed directly to 23 Winthrop Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02121.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Orlando Vaughn
Lt. of Finance
Boston Chapter Black Panther Party
National Coordinator of Finance for
the Revolutionary Peoples
Constitutional Convention

Freaks Vote Against Booze

Dear Space City,

Recently 18 year olds were given the right to vote. This makes voters out of a lot of freaks who didn't have a voice before. In the upcoming election there is a good chance for them to

make that new voice heard. Go to the polls and vote **against** liquor by the drink. If we can't smoke weed, they have no right to drink.

Now that we have a voice let's use it. Also we must make it known that this is the reason we are voting against liquor by the drink. I am willing to campaign against the bill, is anyone else?

We must unite!

Peace . . .
Steve
Houston

High Skool Is Fucked

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

What ever happened to the skools where you learned? Now you compete for grades, memorize and spit it back out on test day. It is as boring as hell,

getting hassled about having long hair. Big shit! Hair length or the clothes you wear don't have a fucking thing to do with learning. If you could be in a relaxed atmosphere you might could learn something. But not at skool, they're too busy telling you to "sit up straight," don't chew gum," "you can't smoke in skool," don't come back til you cut your hair and wear decent clothes," don't talk or we'll bust your ass." Man it is a big fucking burn you just can't learn under those conditions.

You have read and heard the same thing before, but we have to quit fucking around and do something. Right now! I don't mean petitions and talks with the administration because they have been tried and failed. Now is the time to go to actions and not talking. Do it!

Venceremos!
Gerald (Bushman) Smith
MacArthur High
Houston
P.S. Space City is the most out-a-

reason to fill your whole newspaper with voice-of-doom copy.

Tell us the facts and keep your sores hidden, we don't want to look at them.

Used to be we could pick up Space

City and find out what other people in town were doing to make things better, get inspired; learn what you thought of the last rock concert and enjoy a lot of psychedelic ads. This time even the movie review was fuming militant.

We're getting the fear from all sides, anyway. What you can offer us, if you care enough to, is a little hope and reason to believe in ourselves. The fear we can get anywhere; the hope we can only get from you.

J.P.
Houston

P.S. Did you ever think that when



you don't talk to your friends in class or you get your ass bit. You grow your hair long because you love it and it's beautiful, then you get thrown out for being a radical and not wanting to conform to the fucked rules and regulations of the so-called "great society", Big shit! Think about your brothers the chicanos and blacks getting fucked all the time, only because they weren't born white. You write up a leaflet, pamphlet or newspaper to get your friends to get it together, and see how they are getting fucked, and you get thrown out.

The courses skools have are the same ones they have had for fifty years. They don't try to teach, they just want you to pass and get the fuck out of there. It's their jobs — they are getting paid not us. You try to get the attention of the administration and skool board by boycotts or demonstrations and you get thrown out or busted.

Like some might be trying to learn but you can't because you're busy

sight paper keep putting it out. We just love you. MacArthur Sr. High is fucked.

Space City Spreads Paranoia?

Dear Space City,

What a bummer! Sure I believe in freedom of the press and so forth, that's why I sell Space City instead of The Houston Chronicle. But you guys is getting out of hand with that thing. What makes you think you have the right to spread around your own paranoia and try to infect other people with it? Of course there are things we need to know, but that's no

those fellows called you gentlemen, maybe they had their tongues in their cheeks?

New Revolutionary Movement

Space City:

There will be a new revolutionary movement in our pig city soon. We will join with you and our black and brown brothers in the fight against pig repression. There will no longer be just right-wing terrorist attacks. We will hit back and much harder. Have faith brothers and sisters of Houston a better day is coming. Power to the People.

H.L.P.
Houston

Carol Ashley, college drop out

"Women's Lib should be taken seriously, and I try to apply their ideas to my personal life. But I find in a personal relationship I have to be flexible in how I apply Women's Lib ideas, like male chauvinism. After a man has inbred in him male chauvinistic ideas, it's not easy to cast them off.

"I find I have to work out with my boyfriend the washing of dishes, or cooking — after all, our relationship is too valuable to be broken off by who washes the dishes. If he says he will do dishes and doesn't, I thank him for offering. In other words, I handle male chauvinism in different ways, depending upon the man I'm dealing with. Usually saying, 'fuck off' makes the desired impression.

"But patronizing male chauvinists — you know the type, they appear to be on your side; you're gutsy, they say, and, you'll go far — those I watch out for."

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

By Mike Zee

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT?



Helen Wilson, airline employee

"I agree with Women's Lib that corporations should give men as well as women extended leaves when a baby is born. Many corporations now give only women extended leaves, which disqualifies them on job security. This allows the company to hire back only those girls they want, and refuse jobs to girls they want to get rid of. But Women's Liberation needs to keep in mind that causes can separate people into groups instead of uniting them."



Jim Anderson, UH student

"Pretty lousy. I'm a history major, and in 18th Century England when a man married and they split up later, the man inherited everything she owned. Today it's just the opposite.

"No, I'm not divorced."



Mike Reilley, airport employee

"I don't pay much attention to Women's Lib. I agree with their goals, disagree with their methods. They need to find another way to get their rights other than through protests. By peaceful means."



by Victoria Smith

Texas governor Preston Smith delivered what was considered by many his most eloquent speech Wed., Oct. 7 at the University of Houston.

He didn't utter a word.

The governor mounted the stage, smiling, at 2:30 p.m. in the UH Houston Room, flanked by a flock of campus security guards. He left only a few minutes later, wearing the same grin, after he apparently decided that he couldn't deal with the some 1,500 noisy students who had packed the place to hear him.

Smith stated later that afternoon that he intends to "put a stop" to such demonstrations, "period."

"When a public official, myself or anyone else, cannot go on the campus of a state-supported university by invitation to deliver a speech without being subjected to the rude rantings of a handful of unwashed, intolerant, ill-informed students, the time has come to act," he declared.

Why was Preston so upset?

It seems that a good number of students were insisting that the governor address himself to certain important issues, most notably the 30-year prison sentence given to black activist Lee Otis Johnson who was convicted of sale of marijuana, plus the proposal tuition hike at the University of Houston and other state schools. (Lee Otis began serving his term about two years ago, after he was found guilty of giving — which means "sale"

under Texas law — a joint to an undercover agent.)

A significant number of people near the front of the stage was quite vocal in insisting that Smith state his position on Lee Otis. "You have the right to pardon him," shouted a young man. "And he has the right to be pardoned," added an angry young woman, amidst great cheering.

According to the Houston Post, the text of the governor's speech made no reference to the tuition-hike. And although a message was sent to him prior to the speech, demanding that he speak on Lee Otis, he apparently had nothing to say about that either. So he split.

His front man, Bill Hollis, a Houston insurance agent who played tackle on the UH football team several years ago, blundered his way through a miscalculated introduction that set the students laughing and booing. He claimed that Smith was the first non-establishment-elected governor in recent Texas history. This statement, received with jeers and laughter, impressed the crowd primarily with its absurdity.

The governor made his visibly angry but smiling exit, pursued by the news media, security guards and a group of angry students. Randy Chapman, long-haired student senator and one of the organizers of the pro-Lee Otis demonstration, was forcibly disarmed by campus security guards of a broom he happened to be carrying as he followed the governor to his car. (Chapman told Space City! in an exclusive interview that he was merely planning to ride the broomstick home



"Pick up the Broom," says Randy Chapman after clean sweep at UH.
Photo by Thorne Dreyer

PICK UP THE BROOM!

Preston Speechless at UH



TSU pharmacy student Mickey Leland speaks at Free Lee Otis Rally.
Photo by Vicki Smith

that day, as is his wont.)

Actually, the broom had been part of a support for a Free Lee Otis banner that was tacked to the auditorium wall. Randy just happened to end up with the broom.

Also, radicals have been doing some real work on the campus this year and for once have a real following.

A Space City! photographer was nearly shoved down the stairs between the first and second stories of the University Center by some Smith-ite as he attempted to snap Preston's photo.

Smith made his get-away in a UH car.

We noticed a number of heated discussions around the UC after Smith's rapid departure. Some students sincerely wanted to hear the governor's speech, although few seemed to dig all that much. Others perhaps thought he had the right to speak. Many, including some of the noisy ones, wanted to watch him "put his foot in his mouth," as one girl put it. But a goodly number wanted to make it abundantly clear that Smith had better address himself to issues of importance to students — otherwise he had no business speaking on the campus.

There were the official apologies, of course. A few hours after the incident, UH president Dr. Philip G. Hoffman sent a telegram to the governor from St. Louis where the president was attending an annual meeting of the American Council on Education.

"On behalf of the responsible students and faculty of the University of Houston, I wish to offer our most sincere apologies for the discourtesy to which you were subjected by a few students on our campus this afternoon," the telegram read.

And Dr. Patrick J. Nicholson, vice president for development and liaison between the university and the state legislature, reportedly told the governor as he left that "This is not the real University of Houston, governor."

Well, it may not be the "real" University of Houston yet, but it's moving there fast.

One hour before Smith's scheduled appearance, a "few," a "handful" of some 1,000 students gathered on the steps of the University Center for a Free Lee Otis rally. Spirits were high, sentiment was militant; clenched fists abounded.

The group heard Abbie Lipschutz, head of the Lee Otis Defense Committee, say that if there was any chance at all that Lee Otis could escape from prison (though he didn't think there was a chance) that he would be all for it. He said he thought that it would be at least two years before there was any chance of getting him out through the courts.

Mickey Leland, a local black activist, gave a rousing rap about the role that white radicals can play in black liberation. With his casual but passionate speaking style, he managed to criticize white kids for sitting passively on their privileges while Lee Otis rots in prison and Carl Hampton is shot down, but he built them up at the same time. It was the pressure exerted by whites that set Huey P. Newton (Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party) free, and whites can set Lee Otis free, he said.

Mickey led the crowd in thunderous chants of "Free Lee Otis," and "All Power to the People."

A third speaker, student senator

Cont. on 23



Rally
Near
Crosby



KU KLUX KLAN



photos by Bill Casper

by Bill Casper

Last Saturday night (Oct. 10) another Space City staffer and I got dressed up in some of our straightest-looking clothes, combed the curls back off our ears and headed for Northeast Harris County to the Ku Klux Klan rally. The rally was in a field about ten miles this side of Crosby on Highway 90. When we got there we were pretty nervous, but we loosened up considerably when we got up in front of the crowd and saw other people filming and taking photographs.

About 400 people were gathered to one side of a long flat-bed truck. The truck was all decked out with Klannish flags and paraphernalia, complete with uniformed klansmen. As we walked up, Reverend Kitt, a right-wing fundamentalist who is head of the Louisiana Klan, was rapping out some racist Sunday School lesson. In fact, the whole atmosphere was revival-like. There were frequent interjections of "Amen," or "Tell it like it is," or "That's right" from the audience up front. The women's auxilliary sold coffee and cupcakes nearby, and several dozen kids were running around. A real family thing, you know.

The main attraction at the rally was Robert Shelton, the Imperial Wizard of the United Klans of America, by far the largest Klan organization today. Shelton's speech was pretty standard Klan rhetoric, interspersed with a variety of racist jokes. Most of his comments were directed at "educational problems," since that's what's most on the minds



of Southern (and Northern) racists right now. We laid out: how integration and bussing are part of the anti-Christ conspiracy designed by the Communists and financed from "Jew York City"; how drugs from Red China are being smuggled into Amerika thru Cuba in order to demoralize the minds of today's youth and create a generation gap; how the nigras are putty in the hands of the International Communist Zionist Jew Conspiracy, which aims at breaking down the faith of the Bible Belt; and blah, blah, blah.

Frank Converse, the Grand Dragon of the United Klans in Texas, was a little more interesting than Shelton, but he didn't come through with what he had been promising in the media. For the past week Converse had been on radio and television news saying that he would "expose" Houston City Hall at his rally Saturday night. But Saturday night Converse didn't expose anything but his own bullshit; he had worked the media for some pretty good advertising though. His most pertinent remarks were on the Klan's growth in Harris County: "We have them (members) in the police department, in the sheriff's department and up in City Hall, and these people are working to build up the United Klan." Converse had high praises for Houston police chief Herman Short and Harris County Sheriff Buster Kern.

But why is there now enough interest in the Klan for them to hold a political rally (the first in Harris County in three years) when they're still saying the same old shit? Why did 400 people drive up to Crosby to hear Shelton's same tired, old rap? Most of those people were either working people or petty bourgeoisie (shopkeepers, farmers, very small-time businessmen, etc.). It is easy to say that these people are dupes of Klan-type rhetoric or to say that they are incurable racists with their dander up about civil rights and school integration. Certainly an American education and a fundamentalist upbringing doesn't give you a highly developed critical facility, and certainly the rally-goers were racists. But if we say only that, we risk indulging our own middle-class biases and we also risk missing some other reasons why these people might turn fondly toward the right-wing.

I would guess that those people (and lots of other lower-middle and working class whites) have a lot of unanswered questions in their heads: Why are our taxes so high? Why are we spending so much money and so many lives in Southeast Asia without winning? Why is there so much welfare and low-cost housing for minorities when we work our asses off and just get by? Why are college kids and hippies using these weird drugs and raising so much hell?

At the same time, these people are the ones who are feeling the pinch of the high taxes for a drawn-out war. They are getting screwed by rising unemployment and rising prices. They think that black and brown workers are getting the jobs that they are missing out on (this being a myth of rather gigantic proportions, as are the myths of welfare and low-cost housing). They have had to work hard and they have no love for people that they believe won't work (hippies, welfare recipients, etc.).

The Klan comes to these people with a line that answers all their questions and at the same time appeals to all their racial and religious prejudices: white supremacy, anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, etc. Not only that, but the Klan has all the stylistic appeal of the other fraternal orders: flashy costumes, exciting titles (Wizards, Dragons,



Imperial Wizard Robert Shelton speaks at Klan rally Next to Shelton is Frank Converse, Texas Grand Dragon.

Kleagles, Exalted Cyclopes, etc.), far-out rituals, and a feeling of sticking together, "klannishness." A pretty attractive bag to fall into.

* * * *

After all the speeches it was announced that there would be a cross-burning and most of the crowd hurried over to get a good look. About two dozen silk-sheeted klansmen with torches slowly circled the gasoline-soaked cross and then a couple

of them walked in and lit it. All the while, "The Old Rugged Cross" was blaring out of the p.a. system back at the truck (really funky organ music, you know, the kind you get on TV soap operas). Everybody watched the fire in silence until the music stopped and then they left. It was very bizarre.

We hung around for a few minutes to get a picture of an old "friend" we had recognized under one of the sheets, and then we split, too, eager to get back to the city.

Pacifica Bombed

ONE MORE TIME



by Gary Thiher

KPFT-FM was bombed off the air here during the wee hours of Oct. 5. The station is an affiliate of the Pacifica Foundation which also has non-profit, listener-supported FM stations in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles. KPFT probably ranks as the nation's most bombed radio station: this was the second bombing to paralyze it this year.

The bombers planted a large dynamite charge on the roof of the reinforced concrete building which housed the transmitter. Station engineers had built the bunker-like structure to be as nearly bomb-proof as possible, after the transmitter was completely destroyed by a dynamite blast last May 12.

The expert dynamite artist, however, located the charge over a covered vent on the roof — the one structurally weak spot in the building. Sand bags piled on top of the charge had directed the force of the explosion downward, blowing a one-and-a-half by three foot hole in the roof and wrecking part of the \$40,000 transmitter.

The transmitter is located next to the broadcasting tower in a field just outside Houston's southwest city

limits. The sheriff's department is conducting an investigation. Though the FBI has inspected the site after both bombings, they claim that the case does not fall within their jurisdiction.

At a station subscriber meeting at University of St. Thomas Oct. 8, Manager Larry Lee made the following statement:

"This afternoon, we reached an expensive and difficult decision. We



are abandoning our South Main transmitter site. We do so because of our regard for the small businessman who leased it to us, and the fact that staying there could ruin his business and the lives of his employees. We also do it, because Pacifica must return to the air from a totally secure transmitter site. Tonight, we have no idea where that will be.

"This is going to mean, perhaps, a less powerful signal for KPFT. It will mean at least six weeks of engineering and technical work, including a lot of complicated rigamarole with the FCC. It also will mean many thousands of dollars of additional expense to our station.

"We don't have a 47,000-watt transmitter any more. We've got our voices, our telephones, our typewriters, our cars, our bus tokens and

our shoe leather. We ought to go for doubling the present subscriber roll. Twenty-five hundred to five thousand. That should be our October goal. There's no reason other than ourselves why we can't go for the eight thousand sponsor goal between now and the day, hopefully early in December when you can hear Pacifica again."

Houston's active far right wing (including KKK, Minutemen and God knows what else) was doubtlessly behind both bombings. KPFT has not been the only target of these groups. Space City (Houston's underground paper), anti-war groups, SDSers, liberal activists, apolitical hip institutions and businesses — in a word, virtually every group or person who falls to the social and political left of center — have been subjected to attacks and harassment ranging from bombs to shootings to slashed tires.



The Family Hand Restaurant — a coming-together place for local freaks and radicals — has been fire-bombed twice recently. And on Sept. 29, a volkswagon parked near the Space City office was shot full of holes with an automatic weapon. The car's engine was totaled.

At least a hundred such incidents have occurred in the last year or so. Yet the Houston police have not made

one arrest in any of these cases. That's the same police force whose zealous "defense" of the public from the left has led to the railroading of one black radical — Lee Otis Johnson — into a 30 year jail sentence on a marijuana charge and the recent cold-blooded murder of another — Carl Hampton — on the streets of Houston's third ward ghetto.

There is little reason to believe that the culprits in this latest bombing will be apprehended by the police. The one counter possibility is that the cooler conservatives in the local power structure will bring some pressure for an arrest. They would not act out of any affection for the victims of these attacks, but to prevent the further tarnishing of Houston's image as a nice place to raise a corporation. But nobody's holding his breath.

Even before the bombing, KPFT carried a debt of tens of thousands of dollars. Now many new costs have to be met. Contributions large and small are needed: KPFT, 618 Prairie, Houston, Texas. (713) 224-4000.

KPFT
fm 90



We Are Not Animals

Everyday in New York's black ghettos, and in its Latin ghettos, and in the neighborhoods where unemployed whites hang around bars and get into fights, an occupying army of policemen makes sweeping dragnet arrests. You get busted for carrying a knife, for insulting a cop, for haggling with storeowners, for punching it out with a guy who cheats at dice, for taking a joyride in someone else's car. If you don't get shot or killed by the cops, you are hauled to a precinct house, then booked on some charge and carried in a crowded fetid police van to a city lock-up . . . to wait for trial. Sometimes you wait for two years. You wait where there is no

light and no air, no protein, no real beds. Where there are guards who use blackjacks on you for fun, where there are guards who won't tell the prison doctor when you need medicine. Rats and roaches and garbage encrust the walls and the halls. Your body stops thinking about nourishment. You are denied access to law books but you don't have the energy to read them anyway. Your bail is so high you don't even dream about getting out on bail. If you're Latin and don't speak English, you couldn't understand the law books to begin with. Or talk with your state-appointed lawyer if you ever got one. You are at the bottom. You are an animal.

NEW YORK (LNS) — Overpowering their guards and taking the jail keys, more than one thousand prisoners in five city lock-ups began an unarmed open insurrection Oct. 2. In all they took 23 prison guards as hostages.

By Oct. 6, the five prisons were back in the hands of Law and Order, tear-gas hung over the prison corridors, and blood stained the broken concrete of prison courtyards. Six of the unarmed rebel prisoners were in critical condition, one near death, and all the hostages were safe.

The New York rebellion began in the 86 year-old, red brick Queens House of Detention, which is slowly decaying in the shadows of warehouses and factories in Long Island City. It reached across the borough to

the Kew Gardens jail, then across the railroad yards to the Brooklyn lock-up. Soon Manhattan's infamous Tombs was in rebellion, taking 18 hostages in the second Tombs uprising in two months. Finally, two days after the action began, the rebellion spread across the filthy East River to the Riker's Island detention center.

The fate of the first Tombs rebellion tells a lot about why these five prisons went, and why thousands more will explode soon. The airless Tombs, in the heart of the financial district, is a hellhole. Even New York's Mayor Lindsay was forced to admit in August that the Tombs' prisoners' demands had "much justification."

Last August's Tombs rebels released their hostages only after receiving solemn promises from Lindsay and

Prison Commissioner George McGrath that prison conditions would change, that court proceedings would be speeded up, and that there would be no reprisals — though at least one prisoner had his arm broken by guards afterwards — but nothing has happened to change the city's prisons. Mayor Lindsay decided to sleep on it. The liberal newspapers, which played up the revolt as they had featured "expose" stories about prison conditions for years on end, promptly forgot the prisoners' demands for change once the hostages were released.

"Promises, promises. We are not animals. No somos animales! We demand to be treated like men, you pig! Do not promise us this or that. Do what we ask! Then your hostages will be released. You sent us soap and toothpaste, you pig! We are not asking for soap and toothpaste. Fuck that! Yes, Branch Queens is a pigsty. But we want more than just more soap. We want more justice!"

— Victor Martinez, Latin negotiator for Queens House of D men, to Prison Commissioner George McGrath.

So one month after the Tombs rebellion, the angry inmates of five New York prisons took more guards hostage. More than once they threatened to kill them; unarmed men in prison have little other means of defense against the heavily-armed expeditionary force of cops they knew would come

to take back their prison. Only the chance that the city would spare the lives of the hostages gave the rebels hope that a bloody police wipe-up operation might be avoided.

But in the end the city did not care about the hostages. In the end Mayor Lindsay ordered the troops in. If the prisoners had known what sheer brutality awaited them, they might not have been so cooperative about releasing the hostages, which they eventually did in every case.

"They did for us better than we do for them. What they did, we should have done. They fed us first from what was available, and let us call our wives. They set up a security system to protect us from the psychos."

— Daniel Zemann, a Tombs guard and released hostage.

It was the three-hundred-odd men in the Queens House of Detention who put forward the most comprehensive set of demands. Branch Queens — the official prison designation for the disintegrating structure — is the prison where the rebellion began, where it ended, and where nine of the Panther 21 now on trial are incarcerated.

The Branch Queens men controlled all but the ground floor of their lock-up. Puerto Rican and Black Nation flags dyed on bedsheets fluttered from broken windows; and the men inside leaned out into the dirty air to see the vista of industrial plants and railroad tracks that the frosted window glass had hidden from them before. They sat by the windows, giving fists and wearing bandanas, as three men designated as negotiators — one black, one brown, one white — talked in the courtyard below to the prison commissioner, two politicians, an aide to Mayor Lindsay, and the press.

The prisoners wanted Justice John Murtagh, who is presiding over the case of the Panther 21, to come to the negotiating table in the Queens prison courtyard. He refused. The Lindsay aide swore there was another judge who could "help you out" with bail. But that judge wouldn't come to the prison either.

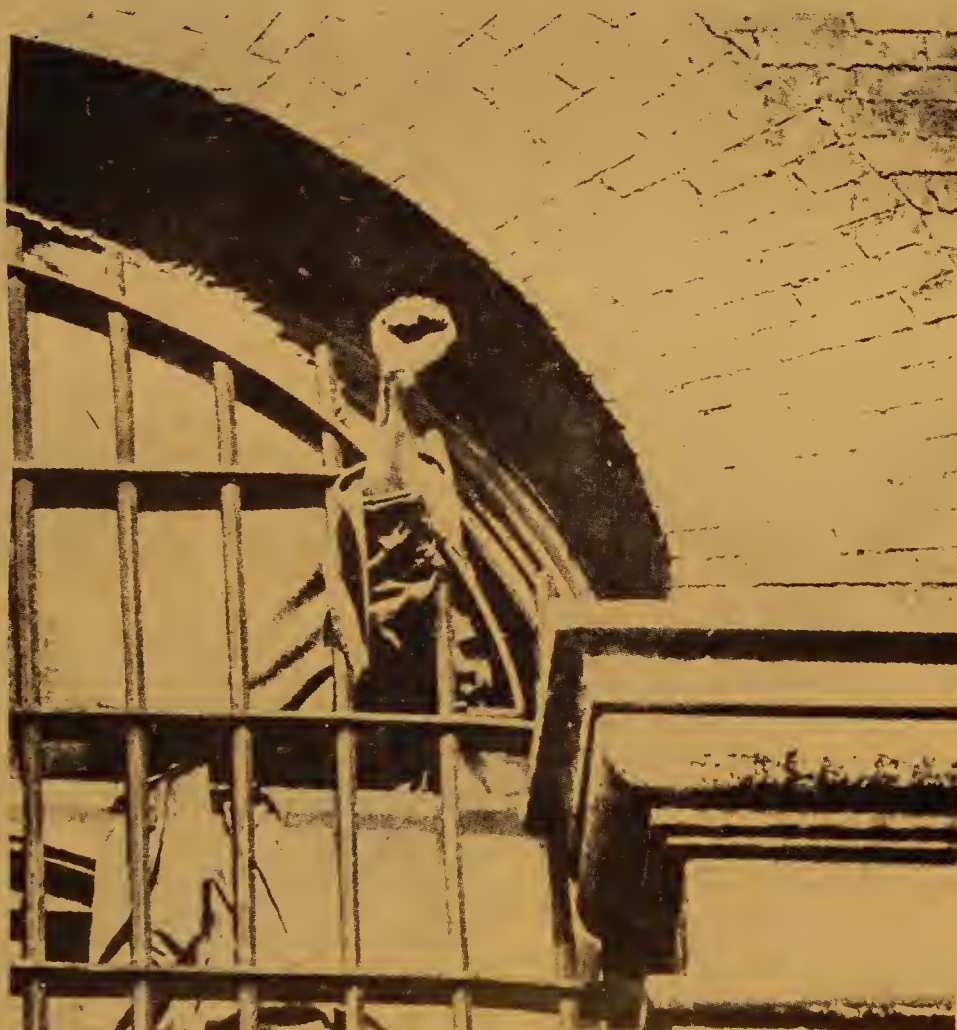
Q. What is your name?
A. I am a revolutionary.
Q. What are you charged with?
A. I was born black.
Q. How long have you been in?
A. I've had troubles since the day I was born.

— Robert Blake, black prisoner-negotiator in a dialogue with a reporter at the negotiations.

On the second day of the Queens talks, black congresswoman Shirley Chisolm showed up, accompanied by latin politico Herman Badillo. Expressing great concern for the cause of the prisoners, "Which I know is just," Chisolm implored the rebels to give up the hostages. If they did, she would try to use her good offices to help them win their demands.

The three men, black and brown and white, put their arms around each other and went into a huddle. Then they came back to the table and thanked her and told her "No, we will press our demands."

The actual demands never came



Prisoner at Queens House of Detention during recent takeover.

LNS photo.

No Somos Animales



over very big in the radio-TV-news-paper 'crisis coverage' of the rebellion. The demands were basic, popular and political. Not just an end to the hellish conditions in the city jails, but specific political demands:

- *the complete bail review that might give some justice to thousands of poor people.
- *permission for ministers of Islam to hold Muslim church services for the many Black Muslim prisoners who are denied religious activity in jail
- *permission to distribute the Black Panther newspaper
- *provision for Spanish-speaking lawyers and interpreters for Latin prisoners;
- *and restoration of bail for Afeni Shakur, one of the framed-up Panther 21.

(Afeni's bail was revoked because she arrived 10 minutes late in court one morning. She had received a phone call saying that her mother was sick, and she went to the hospital to see her. There was a mix-up and her Mother wasn't there, so Afeni headed back to court where Murtagh revoked her \$100,000 bail. It was later reinstated in the midst of the rebellion uproar.)

The rebellion did finally intimidate one liberal judge into holding bail hearings inside prison grounds, and a few men were actually released. The other demands have been ignored.

While Lindsay and his friends were "negotiating" in Queens, their cops were busy cleaning up Kew Gardens, the Tombs, Brooklyn and Rikers Island. In Kew Gardens alone more than 200 prisoners were seriously injured by the cops. It was clear that Lindsay and the liberal establishment were more into teaching rebellious prisoners a stern lesson than into reform.

One by one the prisons fell back into the hands of the jailers. The Tombs fell under a tear-gassing, club-swinging onslaught. Hostages straggled out of the citadel-like prison unharmed (not a few of them expressing strong support for the prisoners' demands) and the repressive apparatus turned its ire on the last hold-outs, including the Panthers, in the Long Island City lock-up.

Hundreds of cops and prison guards, armed with clubs and axe-handles, milled around the barbed-wire bar-

ricades the police had set up. Floodlights illuminated the early morning haze, and the word came down to attack the rebels.

Police turned the rotting prison into a tear-gas chamber, and the heavily armed and gas-masked cops and guards moved in on the gagging prisoners, who had no place to go. A few hundred prisoners were rounded up and made to sit facing the wall in the courtyard. As more prisoners streamed out of the building toward their comrades, the prison guards, back in control, went after them.

The guards were in their element, now, and they were pigs. Five and sometimes ten guards ganged up and smashed prisoners on the head with long clubs, as other guards watched and laughed. They climbed over one another to get in their licks, and beat at least ten men into unconsciousness. Then they tossed their limp and bleeding bodies into waiting police vans.

One victim was reported near death, although police refuse to divulge his condition or whereabouts. He is Kenneth Sender, the white member of the prisoners' negotiating team. It was clear that the guards had singled him out as a traitor to his race.

Meanwhile, inside the building, Victor Martinez, Sender's Latin counterpart, kept shouting to people outside, "They're beating prisoners unmercifully!"

When the early morning carnage was done, it was learned that Mayor Lindsay had been inside the jail at the time, continuing with the negotiations. The Mayor was reported to be completely unaware of the brutality outside the walls. It was Lindsay who had promised there would be no reprisals. "I hear there were injuries on both sides," was his comment when he heard of the beatings.

Thirty-nine of the prisoners, including the Panthers, refused to surrender their position, and barricaded themselves on the top floor. They shouted down that unless their lawyers and newsmen could be present when they left the jail, they (the prisoners) would be killed. Hours later, the police agreed to let several Black Panther defense lawyers enter the prison and accompany the 39 hold-outs. A huge fire department crane with a bucket device rose to the top floor of the jail, and the lawyers and

Victor Martinez, Ken Sender and Robert Blake - the prisoner negotiating team at Queens House of D. LNS photo.

prisoners were let out. They shot fists into the air as the bucket lowered them to the ground.

Two days before, on the sidewalk in front of the barbed-wire, a middle-aged white fireman spoke with regret. "We're not here to put out fires, we're here to help the cops. But Jesus. I'd rather not be here. Those guys in there are right."

At the negotiations that same afternoon, Victor Martinez said, "This is not a protest. This is not a riot. This is a whole thing. We are going to create a paradise out of this hell."

And it was not just the prison he was talking about.

"WE ARE NOT ANIMALS
NO SOMOS ANIMALES!"

**SUNSHINE
COMPANY**

~ 2476 TIMES ~
IN THE VILLAGE

(OPENING SOON: GALLERIA-POST OAK)

A SLIDER DOESN'T LOOK THAT WAY UNTIL YOU SWING AT IT...

by Dennis Fitzgerald

I didn't go to the Pigs vs. Hippies softball game. I forget why. I think I had to do laundry or something. Anyway, I didn't go.

Later, people told me that it was a nice thing. That a lot of people came, and the weather was good, and everybody seemed to dig it.

Whenever people told me this, my response was to kind of smile and say, "Oh, yeah? That's good." But it really made me uncomfortable. I mean, I didn't have any clear idea about what else to say.

Just on a gut level the whole thing bugged me, but every time I tried to explain why, it came out sounding like the sort of unthinking "anti-pig" rhetoric that people felt it was important to break down.

See, I really am skeptical of people who have all the right answers and who run around with revolutionary purity hanging out all over. Seems to me that disemboweling the Amerikan monster is a considerably complex task — one that calls for many different activities at many different levels. Also, I don't enjoy throwing mud at anybody's picnic.

But just like you can have some actions that are good, and other actions that are bad, you can also have actions that look good but turn out bad. Like a slider doesn't look that way until you swing at it. I think the softball game was a slider.

Guys become cops for all sorts of reasons, I'm sure. No doubt there's a certain percentage that get hung up on being a bully at age 12, and now they've got a gun and a badge and a super-charged Ford with a siren and lights and a radio and like that.

But probably most are just guys who are coming out of high school or the army. They don't have any particular skills; they haven't found anything that they especially want to "be." Maybe they realize like a lot of us what a shuck school is, or maybe they can't afford to go to college even if they want to.

So they get hit with the pitch about the good pay a cop gets (not great, but good enough for a guy in this position), and about the fringe benefits, and opportunity for advancement, etc. etc. It doesn't look too bad.

The guys who join this way probably aren't more racist than most other whites, or more conservative or more intolerant. But they usually wind up that way.

Not Like Mod Squad

Being a cop is nothing like Mod Squad. Mostly it's dealing with drunks or family hassles that not a little too violent. Usually people are not glad to see you. Everywhere you get hostile, up-tight vibrations. That's true even if you're trying to be a "good" cop.

The trouble is that lots of people today distrust the political system. And if outright rebellion is still rare, hostility is real and general. So the cop who starts out simply as an honest

working man, trying to do a job, is right away up against the wall. He's the most visible symbol of the system.

If you want to know where a system's really at, look at what the cops and soldiers are doing. The guys up on top can smile and lie and smile and lie, but there's no way to disguise which way the guns are pointed.

If you're an Amerikan cop or soldier, and if you've got any sense at all, you can see that you're being paid to fuck people over. In Vietnam, guys blow a lot of dope and count the days until they can come home. The dope helps if you don't want to think too much about what you're doing. Back home, a lot of cops use politics like dope. If you can convince yourself that it's the niggers and the hippies and the communists that are causing all the trouble, it's easier to get along like you're supposed to.

system to suppress deviant communities and individuals?

Violent Or Civilized Suppression

The question of whether the police suppress gently, in a "civilized" manner, or brutally and violently assumes a state of suppression. Me, I don't want either *1984* or *Brave New World*.

If you had the most liberal cops in the world, they still would have had to put Carl Hampton away. Maybe they wouldn't have had to shoot him: they could have just locked him up for 30 years like they did Lee Otis. Carl was a threat to the system as it is now, and as long as the same people who

of the games is not to sensitize a few cops to the essential grooviness of longhairs. The main effect is to do a whopping public relations job for the Houston Police Department.

Dig. The cops have been getting some bad press lately. A couple of 'em stomped a kid to death in Galena Park; even the most moderate black organizations continually call for Chief Short's resignation; despite the whitewashing by the dailies and the grand jury, there's lots of people who don't believe the cops' line on the murder of Carl Hampton; opposition reaches such a level that the Mayor finds it necessary to issue a statement supporting Short and the department.

But now here's the pigs out playing ball with the hippies. "You see? They really are trying. And they've got a sense of humor too, the way they wear those t-shirts with pigs written on them."

The media really jumped on that game. It was national news. Photos appeared on the front page of papers all over the country. That's not people communicating anymore. Not with a thousand people and Life magazine standing around. That's spectacle. It's pig public relations, and it's phonier than a South Vietnamese election.

Playing Games: A Fair Price?

Us hippies out there are cutting our own throats. We're also cutting the throats of black and brown brothers and sisters. Maybe that cop who's playing second base will be a little cooler the next time he does a dope bust, I don't know. But I do know that all those people who don't relate to anything except what's on the front page of the Chronicle (or the Austin American-Statesman or the New York Times) read about that game and saw pictures of it. And in their heads right now the cops have a little plus to "balance off" against the minus they get the next time some poor dude is shot while "resisting arrest." To my mind, a softball game is not a fair price for a dead brother or sister.

Right now, you're sitting down somewhere reading this newspaper, and "a dead brother or sister" flashes through your mind as somebody else. But it just might be *you* that gets "balanced off" — or me.

See, I'm not saying that cops aren't people. I'm saying they're people who get used. And now the freaks are getting used in the same way. It's not a game any more. It's very serious, and we ought to understand that.



Freak swings at curve.

Photo by Bob Jonas

One more thought about all that. Just because there are good reasons why a guy might become a cop, and just because it's somewhat understandable that many cops become pigs — that doesn't mean that they are any less responsible for their actions. If a person chooses, even for a good reason, to be used in a bad way, then he has to be dealt with just as if that were his intention all along. People make hard decisions every day, and the easiest answer isn't always the best answer.

So, what's wrong with the softball games? Cops are just people with some bad ideas. If you can show them how hippies are people too — like we play baseball, man — maybe that'll shake them loose of some of those bad ideas. Maybe — except that's overlooking two important points. One is that changing the heads of a few individual cops is not going to affect the way cops are used, and the other is that's really not what's happening out there anyway.

Cops are tools — public servants, to be euphemistic. They are members of a military organization, and they are not free agents in their actions. The real issue is not good cops or bad cops. It's who's giving the order. Are the police going to be used by each community for its own protection, or are they going to be used by the

control the system control the cops, it's going to be like that. That's why Short and Welch are so opposed to community control of the police. That's why they're so opposed even to moderate proposals like a civilian review board. They use the cops to keep things just like they are, and they don't want anybody else placing restrictions on that power.

Welch and Short are not opposed to the softball games — if they were, the games wouldn't happen. And despite their appearances, Welch and Short aren't stupid. You just don't get where they are by being stupid; you get there by being right.

What they see — and what we haven't seen — is that the main effect

AVANT/GARDE STUDIOS

open till midnight

→ BLACK AND WHITE CUSTOM PROCESSING ←

AVANT/GARDE STUDIOS OPEN FROM

10 AM TO 12 PM.. CREATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY

AND CUSTOM BLACK WHITE FILM PROCESSING

1806 RICHMOND

523-2175

NEW PARTY, OLD TACTICS

by Mike Heinrichs

It is hard to disagree with any point in the New Party's platform. In fact, the whole thing sounds pretty good. "We support & work for the development of the full potential of every human being on earth, including each person's freedom to express himself . . . and to create his won life-style." Good, the hippies said that back in 1967. "We condemn institutionalized racism . . . and join the struggle of all peoples for self-determination — "Sounds like SDS, circa 1968. "We advocate the return of the GI's from abroad and the dismantling of the artillery machine at home." No one will disagree with that.

And they echo the Black Panther Party's analysis of the black colony: "A colonialism exists in the United States today and entraps millions of Americans in a cultural, economic, and social ghetto." No major party would ever admit this, or declare that "The exploitation and oppression of the American labor force for the gain of corporate wealth is inhumane and unjust." Such admissions will dry up corporate support.

In fact, the New Party itself seems to have no corporate support. Gore Vidal, the Party's national co-chairman and showcase speaker, contends that the corporations have ruined the major parties, since both the Democrats and Republicans are being funded by the same organizations which have wrecked the environment and grown rich off war and domestic exploitation. The New Party, as he sees it, is America's last chance for thorough change before a bloody revolution overtakes the country. He sees no good coming from a revolution.

Picking Up The Vibes

The Party has named Ben Russell as its candidate for the Senate in Texas; Russell gave a brief address to his supporters on Sunday, Oct. 4, and on the following day both he and Vidal spoke at the Party's press conference. (Both events at Party headquarters, 2315 Travis). Three of us alienated freaks went to see Russell's Sunday address, and I went by myself to the Monday press conference. Sunday was a day for eating cookies and picking up vibes, because Russell did not say much; he pointed out that federal funds were being misspent in the war, and suggested that a guaranteed annual income be given everyone. His manner was earnest: evidently he meant what he said.

His supporters came in two varieties: half of them were close to middle age, and looked like reform Democrats; they breathed that pleasant blandness that comes from a life in

the suburbs. Some reminded me of the people you see in the faculty lounge of any university — good clothes, a few beards, and delicate literary in-jokes about Pound and Leavis. The rest of his support came from kids — girls usually — who were apparently university students. Most of them seemed to be filling clerical and/or secretarial jobs for the Party. I did not talk to them, but I imagine that they all wanted, you know, to change things for the better.

Is New Party A Trap?

Meanwhile, the villains skulked outside near the entrance, selling *The Militant* and thrusting mimeographed sheets into the hands of everyone who approached the doorway: "Why the New Party is a Trap." Old ladies stared unhappily at the SWP propaganda. What spoilsports, they seemed to be thinking. But they said nothing.

We left after Russell spoke. He had been preceded by folksingers and we feared what might follow him. Outside, Burgeson tried to sell me a subscription to *The Militant* for about the 30th time; we hurried to the car. As we drove off I suggested that perhaps a campaign like this was a good thing, because the New Party supporters might come to realize that conventional politics are tiresome, tedious, and deadening, and that the Movement offers the only authentic hope for a radical change. Oh no, my companions countered: they never learn, they do this every year. And besides that, they think they *are* the movement.

The gap between the New Party's leadership and its constituency is astounding: in fact, the leadership itself reconciles contradictions which are interesting to muse on. Dr. Spock, a sentimental old male supremacist, is national co-chairman; his fellow-co-chairman is Gore Vidal, who can best be described as a radical nihilist. The Party itself seems to draw mainly upon educated white suburbia for support. The only blacks present at the gatherings were of the "housebroken", or domesticated, variety; no street niggers here. The only thing that binds these people together is their premonition of upheaval and holocaust if the country is not changed in some way. That and something else . . . that and their essential loyalty to capitalism.

This is the contradiction at the heart of the New Party: the disparity between its aims and the aspirations — between its aims and the very identities — of its supporters. In order that

its aims, as expressed in its platform, be implemented, the means of production would have to be removed from private ownership; this is precisely the point that the SWP made in their leaflet. "On the question of the socioeconomic organization of this country," said the SWP, "the New Party remains silent . . . Instead of placing the blame . . . on capitalism . . . their sole remedy is to replace bad capitalist politicians with 'good' ones." Thus, the New Party would appear to be a diversion of energy and funds into an endeavor which is essentially reformist, an endeavor subject to co-optation at the slightest hint of trouble or rise of wind. Why bother?

This contradiction was put to Vidal at the press conference Monday. A Pacifica reporter asked him why, if the New Party was against war, exploitation, pollution, etc., it proposed no radical change in the country's economic setup. Vidal seemed to have been unhappily expecting this question. He admitted that the New Party could not advance a socialistic platform, or call itself socialist, and ex-

pect to gather a mass support; but, he hinted, if the Party held true to its aims, it would become socialist in the end. This was not something to be spoken of at the present, but it would happen.

The New Party seems to be a party for the middle-aged; any kid working with it has got to be deluded. If the middle-aged can be brought to radicalism — and this I doubt — the New Party or something like it would be the vehicle of their deliverance; but us kids have more important things to do than dress up neat, keep our fingernails clean, and work our way up the ladder.

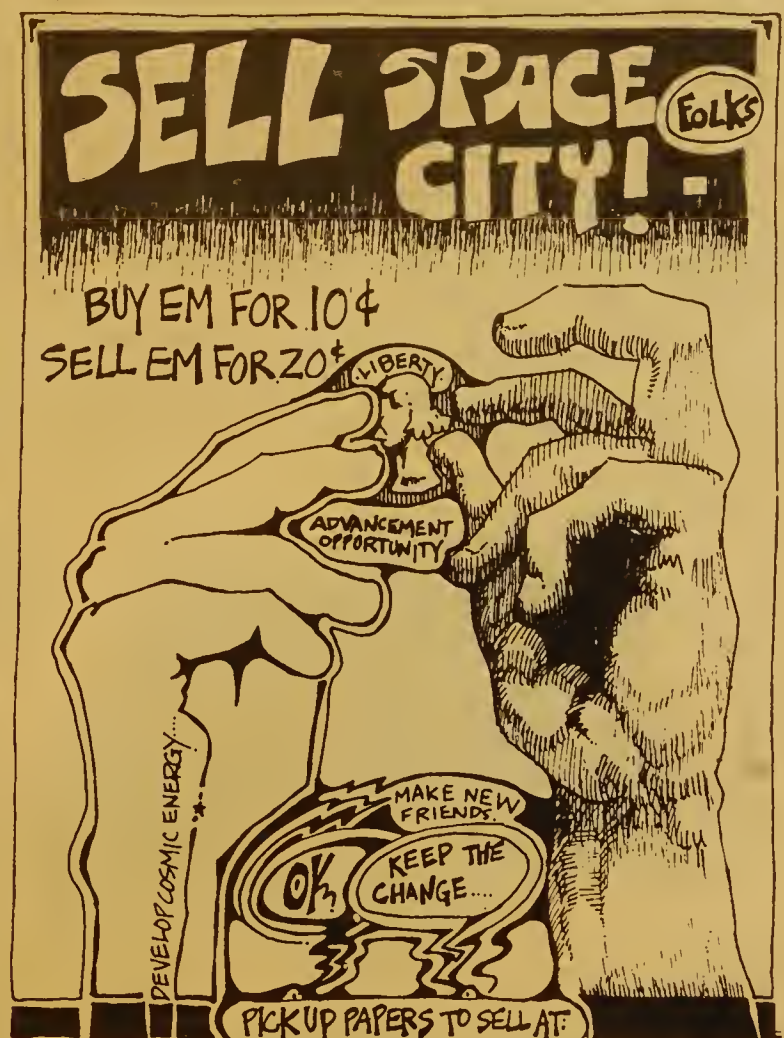
NEW PARTY DENIED PLACE ON BALLOT

The New Party won't be on the ballot this election. Federal court decided that it would "inconvenience" the State of Texas to reprint the ballots. This was the basis for the ruling. Russell and his lawyers plan to appeal this, of course. In the meantime, they are asking their supporters to conduct a write-in campaign.

Russell even showed a little radical anger with his proposal of a sand-in-the-gears tactic. At a press conference Saturday he asked his supporters to spend three minutes each in the voting booths. "They say it's inconvenient?" he said. "Well, we'll show them what inconvenience is."

REALBREAD

FOR REAL PEOPLE
Organically grown, stone-ground, whole wheat
Green Acres Organic Foods
1338 Westheimer, Houston



Space City!, 1217 Wichita; Allen's Landing: Red Emporium, 1021 Commerce; Montrose: General Store, Fairview at Taft or Paragon Books, 908 Westheimer; Village: Sunshine Co., 2476 Times. . .

Breadbasket Cools Iceman

Operation Breadbasket is officially joining forces with the Afro-American Youth Organization, which has been quietly, non-violently, and effectively protesting the brutal action and hostile attitudes of the Swann Ice Company at 418 Jensen Drive.

Two and a half weeks ago the owner of Swann Ice Company beat a 13-year-old girl with a rifle, then shot three times into a crowd of blacks gathering to protest his action. The residents of the Jensen Drive-Cline area resolved to close down the Swann Ice Company. He has for years worked juveniles at below minimum wages. He pays them in cash so there would be no record kept. He used minors to sell beer at the little drive-in store he owns in connection with the ice company. He commonly and regularly uses racial epithets regarding them. And his ice costs more to the blacks at the dock than they cost at retail supermarkets.

For two and a half weeks since that

incident, the residents of the area have been picketing the Ice Company, one of two places owned by Swann. He has offered money to the leaders of the Afro-American Youth Organization to stop picketing. But the word is spreading, so that now people in the neighborhood of the second Swann Store, at 8846 Homestead, are beginning to stop buying.

Operation Breadbasket is in accord with the people of the area, and definitely opposes such merchants as Swann Ice Company. We intend to remain with the Afro-American Youth Organization, calling upon blacks and whites alike to stop using Swann Ice or buying from the Swann Food Market. Such treatment of customers, especially children, cannot be tolerated, and BREADBASKET supports the Afro-American Youth Organization, against it. Swann must go!

Contact Breadbasket and join the picket line (224-9057).

HI-SKOOL RAP-UP



WE ARE THE TROUBLEMAKERS!

A policeman who lives near Westchester High School recently learned that students aren't going to put up with his routine harassment any longer. This cop would show up before school in uniform — in front of the apartment building across the street — and hassle people for smoking, selling newspapers or standing around talking.

One morning, after he had harassed some Little Red Schoolhouse vendors, about 150 students marched over to the apartments and protested his pigishness. There was a brief scuffle, and the cop tripped over his own feet and fell flat on his face, whereupon his hat was stolen by an opportunistic student. An LRS reporter on the scene asked the embarrassed officer what the demonstration was all about. "Oh, these kids are just protesting against the establishment," he said.

The administrators at Memorial weren't as lucky in getting police assistance when 200 students refused to attend a mandatory pep rally, and went to the mall to smoke some cigarettes — both tobacco and marijuana. Teachers and administrators patrolling the scene were loudly booed, and students joined in with the F*U*C*K cheer. An overzealous pair tossed a picnic table through a window, but students quickly collected money to pay for a new window.

Little Red Schoolhouse, Houston's radical hi-skoool underground newspaper, is in danger of collapse for different reasons, mostly financial. It took every penny we had to print our third issue which came out Tuesday; consequently, we won't be able to print again until we can raise a little more money (hopefully in about a month). We didn't have any ads at all in the last issue, and ads are our source of income. Legal expenses have also cut heavily into our budget, since four staff members have been busted while selling the paper. Charges have ranged from loitering to disorderly conduct, but the issue is clearly that the pigs don't want the paper sold. Three staffers will go on trial on October 22 in the Pasadena municipal court at 5:30 pm. People are urged to come out and support the defendants.

We have also had trouble getting the paper out to various skools and shops. Vendors are needed to sell the new issue and help us raise money for the next one. With your help and a little luck, the paper can survive. Suggestions, criticisms, and money are all welcome.

Little Red Schoolhouse

At the Family Hand:



Blues Concert Number Two w.th pianist ELMORE NIXON group at the Family Hand Restaurant, 2400 Brazos St., Friday, Oct. 16, 9-12 pm and Saturday, Oct. 17, 9-1 am. Fifty cents cover.

GAYS HARRASSED IN MONTROSE

At least four gay bars in the Westheimer/Montrose area have recently hosted unexpected visitors. The La Caja, Tradewinds and Round Table felt no pinch as the Houston police intensified their "bar-hopping" campaign. But the Red Room was less fortunate. There, as in the other cases, the police appeared for a "routine" check of the bar's compliance with state and local operating regulations. Four employees of the Red Room were detained and fined for their failure to present health cards. No serious infractions or harassments involving customers occurred at any of the bars.

All the incidents concerning gay bars have been minor in comparison to incidents at The Family Hand Restaurant, the Zipper and others. Sound, clean management on the part of gay bar owners may be one reason gay bar crowds have been spared many bumps, bruises and nights behind bars.

The on-the-street scene is not so encouraging, however. Police harassment of the Westheimer/Montrose area has continued at a frantic pace. Houston gays have become uneasily accustomed to the unduly large concentration of marked and unmarked

cop cars in the Montrose area. The "whirly-pig" is a regular visitor. Unwarranted interrogations and searches are hourly occurrences.

"Hassling the queers" has always been a favorite pig pastime; and a sudden change of heart on their part isn't likely. Our best defense is continued co-operation with the gay bar owners in their so far successful efforts to protect themselves and their customers. An individual without sufficient identification could have made the Red Room another Family Hand.

The police don't need our help to find excuses to hassle us. They're very creative. If you are gay and if you are hassled (if you haven't been you probably will be, soon) get the name or badge number of the officer and report the specifics of the hassle to Switchboard (522-9769) so a formal complaint may be made.

There are no legal defenses against police brutality. The cops may beat anyone, anytime they choose. We can only hope that the use of the few legal recourses we have will serve notice that our resistance is forming.

TAKE IT FROM THIS GUY: EACH LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE YOU SELL EARNS YOU A NICKEL & ADVANCES THE REVOLUTION. PICK THEM UP AT 1217 WICHITA - OR CALL US AT 526-6258. HELP US! OUR FOUNDER



AUSTIN OCT. 31

SMC March

Oct. 31 the Student Mobilization Committee (SMC) will be having a state-wide march in Austin. The demands around which the march is being organized are: U.S. Out of S.E. Asia Now, Free Bobby Seale and All Political Prisoners, and Support the Community United Front (a Austin project which conducts a free breakfast program and other projects in Austin — see Space City!, Vol.2, No.6). Groups from all over the state will be converging on Austin for this march. The marchers will assemble at 2 pm on the West Mall (Gaudalope St.) of the University of Texas. The march will begin at 2:30 and march to the State Capitol grounds where there will be a rally.

As marchers go, this one will probably be pretty tame — SMC gave in to a city council demand that they avoid the main business area of town, marching only between the University

and the Capitol. This is the kind of activity which SMC has engaged in constantly in the past and seems to not be particularly useful except as an expression of mass discontent. Austin SMC decided at an early fall meeting that the issues of the march would be those listed above, but the only one which has received real attention is building this march is the one about ending the war in S.E. Asia.

The same week-end of the march there will be a Community United Front conference in Austin around political prisoners in Amerika. This would seem to be a much more fruitful activity to go to. We urge everyone who is considering going to the Austin SMC march to consider going a day early so that they can attend the Community United Front conference on political prisoners. For more information on the conference see the article about it in this issue of Space City!



Pictured are the MAYO nine, from left to right: Hector Almendarez, Poncho Ruiz, Jose Campos, Carlos Calbillo, Santos Hernandez, Antonio Lopez, Greg Salazar, Walter Birdwell and Yolanda Garza Birdwell. As we went to press, we learned that seven were found guilty of disorderly conduct, Oct. 12 in corporation court. Receiving a \$200 fine were Greg, Yolanda and Pancho. Carlos, Hector and Walter were fined \$50 each and Jose was stuck for \$25. Lawyer Mel Friedman is considering an appeal.

mayos indicted

On Oct. 6, a Houston grand jury returned sealed indictments to Judge Gardine's court charging the eight Chicanos and one Anglo arrested at the HISD School Board, Sept. 14, with one count each of felonious injuring of property. Gregory Salazar was charged with an additional count of injuring property.

The sentence for conviction on these charges is two to 20 years.

The incident arose out of the refusal of the school board to hear a list of demands drawn up by the Chicano Student Committee. Chicano students are affected by all the problems common to high school students plus the problems of poverty, racism and inferior teachers. Chicano students are channeled into the lowest sector of the economy and their sense of pride is destroyed by the present educational system. The Chicano Student Committee demands were drawn up by students themselves and were intended to address themselves to problems of Chicano students.

The existence of long-standing problems proves the inability of the school board and the rest of the administrative structure to work out a satisfactory solution. In spite of this inability, the school board refused to listen to a possible solution. The only conclusion that can be drawn is that the School Board has no burning desire to solve problems faced by Chicano students.

The law has served its function well in the arrest of 14 people and the returning of nine indictments against the adults. It has completely ignored conditions that are destroying people and shows its concern for the protection of property. The indictments mention injured property. Where is the concern for injured people? An injury to one's personality can be more disabling than a physical injury. Dig it!

A great deal of money is needed for legal defense of the nine people indicted and the five juveniles. All contributions may be sent to the Northside People's Center, 1501 Brooks, Houston, Tex. Checks should be made payable to MAYO.

VIVA LA RAZA
POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Houston MAYO

UNIVERSITY OF THOUGHT

Well, folks, the University of Thought has done it again. The fall semester started on Oct. 5, and everything is working out as well as can be expected with, of course, the normal hassles. We opened with about 100 courses which are being taught by graduate students, professors and people from the community. At the moment, we've got some 2,000 people of all ages participating in the program.

All of the classes are free, and everyone is welcome. Each class meets 10 times — once a week for an hour and a half. We try to offer any class which is

wanted by the community. If you want a class offered, let us know. If you can't teach the class yourself, we'll try and find a teacher. We'll listen to anyone who wants to talk to us.

We've got a long way to go until we can establish ourselves, but we're gettin' there. If you're interested in more information, or just want to talk about free education, give us a call at 526-7743 or 526-1829. Remember, education is an infinite process which is still to be explored.

— Richard Turner

AUSTIN REPRESSION CONFERENCE

FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS

Pig Amerika is in trouble. Oppressed people around this country and the world are rising up and saying that they have had enough. One of the consequences of this has been a drastic increase in the number of people who are in jail for "political" crimes. There are more political prisoners today than there were in the entire McCarthy era.

The Community United Front in Austin is calling a regional conference to deal with the question of political prisoners in Amerika. It is scheduled for October 29 - Nov. 1 at the Lee Otis Johnson Community Center in Austin. Several national figures who have experienced political persecution will be in attendance to try and help us develop a strategy to free political prisoners. They include Charles Garry, lawyer for Huey Newton, Bobby Seale and the Black Panther Party; Artie Seale, wife of Bobby Seale and a member of the Black Panther Party; Frances Carter, one of the New Haven Panthers who are being framed for conspiracy in NYC; and Corky Gonzales of the Den-

ver Crusade for Justice.

Registration for the conference will begin Thursday, at the Lee Otis Johnson (one of the political prisoners to be discussed) Center (1103 East 6th St.) from 12 to 5 pm. That evening Charles Garry will speak on Huey Newton and Bobby Caldwell will speak on Lee Otis.

On Friday there will be films, then Artie Seale will speak on Bobby Seale and the New Haven railroad. Workshops will be held in the afternoon. In the evening Frances Carter will speak at the University of Texas.

There will be more workshops on Saturday morning. Time out will be taken so that people can participate in the SMC march from the University to the Capitol. Then Joan Bird will speak on women's liberation and its role in the movement. Saturday evening there will be workshops with the underground press and media.

Sunday will see community rap sessions, workshops and in the evening a rally. Yolanda Birdwell of Houston MAYO, James Aron of Peoples Party 11, Velma Roberts of Austin WRO, Bartee Haile of John Brown Revolutionary League, Joan Bird, Larry Jackson of the CUF and Corky Gonzales will all speak.

Space City! urges that people from Houston definitely consider going to Austin for this week-end. There is the SMC march which, while not very exciting, is certainly worth going to. But we particularly urge that you go to the CUF conference. While the march can do nothing but express the mass discontent of people against the war, the conference can and should begin the process of developing a strategy and possibly an organization to deal with the question of political prisoners. It is also a rare experience to get together with so many of our brothers and sisters from around the area and the country.

JANIS

*Time keeps moving on
Friends they turn away
I keep moving on
But I never find out why
I keep pushing so hard that
Baby I keep trying to make it right
Through another lonely day.
Oh Why?*

Kosmic Blues
Janis Joplin

by Jeff Shero

Every time Janis sang in person, she shone with an incandescent, fixating vulnerability. It wasn't that she had more talent than Mama Cass, Grace Slick or even Tracey Nelson, but that each time she pushed beyond the limit, giving so much of herself away that each concert you knew she was closer to the end. She never sang, she twisted and contorted words into moans, pleas and cries of sadness, desperation, loneliness and sexual release. It was her only way to crash through the barriers created by the big business rock industry and touch people.

Janis was on one long, careening roller coaster ride which began in Port Arthur and ended in a lonely Hollywood motel room. She was the Queen of Rock, desired by thousands of men, yet her last moments were spent alone with a blood-tipped syringe which had spurted a death dosage of heroin into her veins. She had no lover to say goodbye. It was twelve hours before she was missed and somebody wondered where she'd gone.

Heroin finished Janis, but she was slowly consumed by Amerika in much the same way as her predecessors, Billie Holliday and Bessie Smith. Bessie Smith bled to death after a car wreck when a hospital refused to admit her because she was black. Billie Holliday, trying to live a black life with dignity, sought escape from her blues in junk until her body collapsed.

Janis grew up in an oil town that was interested in making money and owning things. Janis who was sensitive and didn't hate blacks, never fit in. Growing up in Port Arthur, in a fifties white culture which tuned-in on Paul Anka, Rick Nelson, Pat Boone and a catty high school culture which didn't have much room for bright and plain looking girls, was like drowning in a pool of alienation. She turned to black culture and its blues roots to survive honkey society. Looking back she said, "You don't have to be black to have the blues. You just have to suffer."

Port Arthur produced the lonely blues, the blues when you don't have anyone to share your feelings with. You learn to act tough, so others don't see the

pain and take advantage of the weakness. But now freaks across Amerika, and drop outs and rebels dwell even in town. Unlike in the fifties, people don't grow up alone. They have friends and communities to escape to. Janis was a product of an era loved as an outrageous and gutsy rebel by her audiences, but as a drinking rock star in an acid generation, and she never felt the same generation of people.

The New York and the San Francisco rock Jet Set didn't care for phoney, under-assistant-west-coast-promotion men, and the groupies, who hang around the hotels and clubs, fawning and hoping to steal a little piece of a star's soul. Janis sang:

*I guess I'm just like a turtle that's
hidden' underneath its hardness shell
Oh-Oh yeah like a turtle
hidden' underneath its hardness shell
But you know I'm very well protected
I know this goddamn life too well.*

Turtle Blues
Janis Joplin

The first time I saw Janis sing in New York was at a special event at a now defunct rock club. Martin Luther King had been in New York a few days before, and though Buddy Guy was being introduced to her, she sang a few songs. She started with a Summertime, as a tribute to the blues, like ever before. Her phrasing transformed that old standard into a ritual of resurrection and hope. Her voice reached places I had never heard again. The underground press people present were moved. The record company executives swizzled their scotches, munched on the discussed business, while the rock parasites paraded their rule.

HENDRIX



Have you ever really been experienced?
Well, I have.

—Jimi Hendrix

Jimi Hendrix could get more music out of an electric guitar than anyone else. He was the ultimate rock guitar player.

As a musician he was so good he could keep several melodies going at once. As a technician he got sounds from his instrument that no one else could. As an acrobat he could play guitar behind his back, with his teeth, or even while fucking it.

He was also a singer, composer, showman, sex symbol, and voodoo child. Millions were thrilled by his records and performances. He revolutionized rock music. He was a hero to the Youth of many nations.

But last Friday it all ended in a London hospital. Jim Hendrix was dead at age 24. A victim of junk.

"I can see how poor people, lonely people, someone without hope, might do smack," a brother told me. "But Hendrix had everything. Why Hendrix?"

I didn't have a ready answer but it's been on my mind since. And I think the

hollowness of the Youth Culture is largely at fault. Like we haven't done much to break down alienation. We haven't truly become sisters and brothers.

The day after he died, a disc jockey on the radio called him "Brother Jimi Hendrix." But I'd never heard him referred to as "Brother" while he was still alive.

Jimi Hendrix was born and raised in Seattle. But he had to go across the country and, then, across the Atlantic to find acceptance for his music. Racism, cultural stagnation, the normal hassles of breaking into the "music industry" . . . Whatever the reason, Hendrix had to leave the U.S. and go to London before he achieved recognition of his talent.

With drummer Mitch Mitchell and bassist Noel Redding he formed the Jimi Hendrix Experience. They were the first of the super high energy bands—the epitome of acid rock. And the model for countless other bands and guitar players.

I saw the Experience on their first tour of the States. They played a free concert in the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park. Hendrix wasn't that famous yet, but you knew he would be soon.

He was absolutely beautiful! You couldn't just stand there—you had to move. The music had too much power and life in it.

Finally, after a long set, he quit playing. Stage managers started taking down the stage and the generator. But the people didn't quit dancing! We kept it up about an hour after the music stopped.

The next time I saw him it wasn't so good. He played Winterland for Bill

Graham. The place was packed, everyone had set themselves up in neat, orderly rows. They were all who'd paid their \$3 and were in the front row. ENTERTAINED.

All the energy was flowing in one direction. It went from Hendrix to the audience, who consumed it. Hendrix obviously drained. He was snotty and cold. The music was good but he was enjoying himself like he had never been in a park.

Hendrix was, by that time, the power himself. The believers paid homage to him. They basked in his presence. They hoisted the idol's music, soul, power, sex, or whatever would give them a place high.

The audience didn't realize they were the power themselves. They "recycle" the energy Hendrix gave them. To tear down the performer/audience walls. To get the performance together. To get a place high.

Sure, you can say the audience is being exploited — by Graham, the managers, business agents, companies, etc. And it's true. Hendrix and the band were being paid a lot more than money. They were real losers.

The band was being cut off from their culture, from their people, from their music. Their "leeching" their energy, their draining their music, everything they gave. They were draining Jimi.

culture has spread
owns like Port Arthur.
ve sisters and brothers
earlier time. She was
ut she was a whiskey
part of a new freak

't help, with its
ne star parasites and
and telling lies and

ial invitation opening
assassinated a few
that evening, Janis did
o King, and sang it un-
d into a soaring spir-
ever heard it find
Meanwhile, the re-
hor d'ouevres and
umors and gossip.

backed and
es down in
e spectators
e there to be

ving in one
drix and the
ch greedily
sly felt the
ndescending.
he wasn't
been in the

a rock idol.
(money) to
ped some of
excitement,
dub off on

ze they had
e power to
x was giving
own the
o bring the
t the whole

audience was
m, Hendrix,
ents, record
true. But
being bled of
ey were the

ff from their
om the basis
fans" were
eauty, their
e on stage.
of all they



Photo by Bill Fibben/Great Speckled Bird

*Once I had a daddy
Said he'd give me everything in sight
Yes, he did
So I said, honey,
I want the sunshine
And take the stars out of the night.*

Turtle Blues
Janis Joplin

Each time I saw Janis after that she seemed a little more exhausted, and though she would deny it with the passion of someone who recognized the truth, her voice seemed a little more strained and limited in range. At those parties there always seemed to be too much liquor, too many photographers, and too many people who needed to live off other people's energy. In New York Janis passed through a glittering waste land, often a bottle of Southern Comfort her best friend.

One night one of her closer girl friends told me Janis was shooting junk. And with that infectious detachment common to New York, we discussed methodone, and apomorphine treatments in London, and the spread of heroin in general. The average life expectancy of a person from the first time they shoot junk is five years. But nobody was close enough to Janis to say, "God-damn, you're killing yourself!" So the conversation ended with a cool and false knowledgeability — Janis obviously would have the money and connections to score good junk and could live for 20 years we concluded. The fact that she was going to die in less than two years somehow got erased in a stupid, jaded hip optimism.

professed to "love" about him. And they weren't giving him anything of themselves in return. Except maybe some money and some bullshit adulation.

Our revolutionary music, our new art form, is still part of the old show business hype. For this bullshit "star system" to continue, performers and audiences must be kept apart. The performers alone on a pedestal. The audience wishing they could be just like the performer, and BUYING (this is the key) the performer's artifacts. If they ever got together they might find they were all people. And the whole idol/worshipper relationship might crumble.

The people who run the "music industry" (and it's an industry in every sense) know this. A few months back, when Jimi was in Berkeley, some local people asked him to do a Black Panther benefit show. Jimi dug the idea. And his advisors did too — IF they could make a film of Hendrix relating to the radical community. They felt this would even further enhance the value of their "property" — Jimi Hendrix.

Without the shuck film, the managers weren't interested. And though Jimi wanted to, "contractual obligations" prevented him from doing the benefit. Despite being a big star, he wasn't free to perform how and when he wanted.

This system is so tightass that even its privileged classes are put in a box. And no one was meant to live in a box.

With the whole glorification/capitalism trip, you can imagine how often a performer gets used. How many times "old friends" came around for money.

How many times he got laid so people could brag to their friends that they'd balled Jimi Hendrix. Sure, it's nice to get laid, but it's even nicer to get LOVED.

But why did Hendrix take up smack? Traditionally, smack has affected the poor. It's been put into the Black community where poor people are glad to escape the daily degradation of slum life. But more and more we find people of all races and social classes trying to escape through smack. Loneliness, alienation, and despair make smack attractive to increasing numbers of young people. Even the famous. Even the rich. Even Jimi Hendrix.

This wouldn't be the case if our righteous Youth Nation was a reality. But so far it's only a slogan, only a dream. We're going to have to build it. And we're going to have to put a lot of love and warmth and concern in it.

Altamont should tell us something. Dylan's "retirement" (was he perhaps sick of being drained?) should tell us something. The death of Jimi Hendrix should tell us something. The Woodstock Nation isn't here yet — no matter what Abbie, or Life, or the movie, or the record company say. We aren't together. Not yet.

If we can't tear down the walls that divide us. If we can't start being more open and loving to our sisters and brothers, if we can't relate both to Hendrix and the 12-year-old teenybopper, if we can't stop smack...! Then the culture isn't worth much.

Goodbye Jimi. Thanks for the good times.

— Berkeley Tribe

As time passed Janis began experimenting musically first with the Kosmic Blues band, later with the Full Tilt Boogie Band, which she was recording with at the time of her death. Things seemed to be getting together. For her Kosmic Blues album she'd written:

*Honey, I love to go to parties
And I like to have a good time
But it begins to pale after while
Honey, I start lookin' to find
One good man*

*I don't want much out of life
I never wanted a mansion in the South
I just wanted to find someone sincere
Who'd treat me like he talks
One good man
Oh, honey, don't you know I've been lookin'
One good man, oh, ain't much
Honey much, it's only everything.*

One Good Man
Janis Joplin

But more recently she seemed to have accepted her life and begun thinking about her roots. In the October issue of Circus magazine she said, "I've given everything up for music. Music, that's what I live for. I'm on the road most of the time. I give up everything for that chance of being up there performing on

Cont. on 23

DAMN!

oh, janis
Damn!
damn

from Port Arthur
out of Austin
and finally to a Hollywood hotel,
poison rush
ebbing into death

alone
cold and alone

we let them make you
into an object of our fantasies
when we were saying no more objects
men, never-to-be-lovers, dreamed of fucking you
women, never-to-be-sisters, dreamed of being you

we used you to get closer together
but you never got to get closer
only farther away from home

dylan retreated to Woodstock
and then we followed half a million strong
we watched while the Performers were flown in,
separated from us,
eating hors d'oeuvres and drinking cold champagne
while half a million tried to make it together
in the mud
wasn't it clear enough that we didn't need stars
we were doing okay

remember
even bob dylan sometimes must have to stand naked
and when janis joplin looked in the mirror
it didn't make her feel good
remember marilyn monroe

i saw you twice
in nightmare new york, you were incredible
but it was some grandly-opened spot
and i overheard the vice president of Columbia records
and he was bragging about his investment

and then home, in Austin
hair blowing, joking about the guitar
giving threadgill what he always needed
goddam, i wanted to know what was in your head about women
it must have been far out
but i was scared by the feathers and the bluff

now, threadgill who is sixty, still wears an apron to serve beer
and janis is dead

we have to find a way to make music

—Alice Embree
October 1970

Leila Khaled: The Story of a



NEW YORK (LNS) — Leila Khaled, recently held in England, and six other Palestinian commandos held in West Germany and Switzerland have been freed. The governments holding the guerrillas made this announcement Sept. 29, after six Americans, the last of the hundreds of hostages seized in the commando hijackings, were freed in Amman.

Leila had been held in England since her unsuccessful attempt to hijack an El Al 707 jet on Sept. 6. Her male companion was killed during the attempt.

Leila was in charge of another, successful hijacking in August, 1969, when she ripped off a TWA Boeing jet flying from Rome. She and her assistant blew up the plane in Damascus, Syria. Leila later gave the following full account of the hijacking to author and journalist G.H. Jansen, former editor of the Middle East Forum.

Isn't it something awful that I could see my home town again only when I hijacked a plane? But there it was — Haifa — away on the left just past the pilot's head as I sat behind him looking out of the cockpit windows. As we came down to 12,000 feet for the approach to Lydda airport the whole lovely coast of my country, occupied Palestine, which some people call "Israel," came into sight.

It was a fine, clear day, but I had little time to enjoy the view because we were approaching the most exciting and dangerous point of our adventure. Although the pilot had so far done everything I told him, would he, somehow, land the plane at Lydda? Or would the Israelis be able to force us to land?

It had all begun two days earlier in Rome. This was my first visit to Europe and Rome is a wonderful city. I was very tired when I arrived and slept for ten hours solid. Then the evening before the flight I walked through the city from the Borghese Gardens to the Fountain of Trevi. Of course, I threw the traditional coins in the fountain which means, I hope, that I'll see Rome again: but will the Italians let me in next time?

There was a woman singer in a cafe near the fountain and I just sat and listened for two hours. The only other things I did were to buy myself a bottle of French perfume and to confirm my booking for the flight next day to Athens at the

TWA office. I couldn't eat dinner that night and it was three in the morning before I could get to sleep and when I awoke I had no appetite for breakfast either. I was hungry, but I'm accustomed to hunger because of my commando training and also because, when I was young, there were times when there wasn't very much food at home.

In the morning — this was the 29th August — I had to do some shopping at a very chic shop on the Via Veneto. I bought some very big sunglasses, a leather shoulder bag and a large-brimmed hat which alone cost 15,000 lira. Wickedly expensive I know, but this was all part of the uniform — I had to look like someone who usually traveled first-class.

Back at the hotel I got dressed. I'm not very interested in clothes but it seemed a waste of money to have things burnt when we blew up the plane after landing so I put as little as possible into my suitcase. I put two dresses in my handbag and wore two trouser suits, one on top of the other. Because Flight 840 was late we had to wait an extra half hour in the lounge. I spotted the young man who was the other member of the "Che Guevara" commando unit. I didn't know him and had only seen his picture. Apart from a secret sign of recognition we took no notice of each other.

This extra wait was an anxious time and two other things upset me before we got on the plane. I noticed an American lady with four young children who seemed very happy and excited about their trip. I then realized, with a shock, that something dreadful could happen to them if anything went wrong. I love children and I wanted to tell the lady not to travel on this flight. But when I thought of some of our Palestinian children, who had nothing in life, I felt a bit stronger and braver.

The second incident was in the bus going out to the plane. A man sat next to me and asked me where I was from, and I let him believe I was from Bolivia. Then he told me that he was a Greek returning to Athens after spending 15 years in Chicago and that his widowed mother would be waiting at the airport. This was another shock. I felt it particularly because we Palestinians know what it is to be away from one's country and I too had a widowed mother waiting for me at home. He went on talking but I didn't hear the rest of what he said.

My friend and I were in the first-class because that section is nearer the cockpit. But there were only five first-class passengers in all, so that the three cabin crew fussed over us a great deal, which was exactly what we did not want. Not long after take-off, the two of us seated ourselves in the front row nearest the cabin door. We both refused drinks before lunch — I don't drink anyway — and

then we both refused lunch, because we didn't want to have trays on our laps hemming us in. But when the stewardess exclaimed at this, and so as not to be conspicuous, I ordered coffee and my friend a beer. He also asked for a pill to suggest that he was feeling ill. We didn't get rid of the cabin crew that easily. Instead of lunch they brought us a huge trolley laden with fruits and cakes and, to our dismay, parked it in front of us to help ourselves, completely blocking the way to the cabin door.

We had been ordered to take over the plane 30 minutes to an hour after take-off since the Rome-Athens flight takes only 90 minutes, and we were approaching the deadline. We didn't want to ask the hostesses to remove the trolley because that could have appeared suspicious. Finally, after what seemed an age, she took it away and another passenger, who had been using the lounge seat right next to the cabin door also moved away. The way was clear and we could get into the cabin without having to frighten anyone — that's the one thing we wanted to avoid: frightened people can do foolish things.

I asked for a blanket and the hostess tucked it in around me. My friend gave me a strange look, wondering whether I was becoming afraid. To reassure him I took out my toilet case and combed my hair. Then I looked at my watch and showed him five fingers signalling that in five minutes we would go into action — I was in charge of the operation. Underneath the blanket — and this was why I wanted it — I took a pistol out of my shoulder bag and tucked it into the top of my pants and then a grenade and took out the safety pin.

Just as everything was ready, one of the hostesses carrying a tray came out of the cabin door; it opened outwards and she held it open with her elbow. We took this chance. My friend, holding his pistol and grenade, brushed across the front of the hostess and through the door. When the hostess saw the weapons she screamed, "Oh no," and threw her tray down — that was the only violence we had in the plane during the whole journey. As we went towards the cockpit my friend called out, "Don't move. Now you have to listen to the orders of the new captain." While he was speaking he heard the captain saying into his radio; "Two armed men have come into the cabin. This is a hijacking."

"I'm The New Captain"

My part in the actual takeover was to stand facing down the plane to control the passengers with my pistol and grenade. But when I stood up with the grenade in my hand and reached for my pistol, I felt the pistol slipping down my leg inside my trousers actually. The captain swivelled round in his seat to see the new captain but all he could see of "him" was the top of a large, white, lady's hat. Having retrieved the wretched pistol I put it into my pocket, never to take it out again — too scaring and too much like Hollywood.

You can't imagine the look of total astonishment on the face of the captain when I went into the cockpit and announced, "I'm the new captain." Poor man, what did he see? — me, in my sleeveless suit, floppy hat and scandals. "I'm the new captain," I said, "take this as a souvenir — it is the safety pin from this grenade" and held it under his nose. "It's a free hand grenade now. If you don't listen to my orders, I'll use it and the plane and everyone in it will be blown up."

"What do you want?" the pilot asked. "Proceed directly to Lydda airport." "To Lydda?" the co-pilot queried, "aren't we going to Athens?" "You understand English," I said to him. We sat down in the two seats just behind the pilot. The grenade was in my left hand and it stayed there every minute until we landed. My friend put his away but he kept his pistol out.

I asked the captain to give me his wireless headset and he was so flustered that he tried to put it

Hijacking

on over my hat. "Excuse my hat," I said and pushed it back. I had had a ribbon specially sewn on so that I could hang it round my neck: I very much wanted to save that hat, too.

I tried to raise Rome airport but there was no answer. I then turned to the flight engineer and asked, "How many fuel hours of flight do you have?" I knew the answer because I had read this off the fuel gauge. I was sure he would tell me a lie and he did: "Two hours," he said. "Liar. I know you have three and a half hours. It's there on the fuel gauge. Why did you lie to me? The next time I ask you anything and you lie to me, I'll break your neck."

"Why are you so angry?" the captain asked. "Because I don't like liars," I replied. I wasn't really angry. I wanted to scare them a little so that they would take orders. The flight engineer said not a word for the rest of the flight. *The time was now about 15.20 hours.*

The dials and switches and lights in a plane's cockpit may seem bewildering but we had been thoroughly trained and I knew what the dials meant. I had a thorough knowledge of the Boeing 707. Having put the crew in its place the next thing was to speak to the passengers on the intercom. Our message was this:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, your attention please. Kindly fasten your seatbelts. This is your new Captain speaking. The Che Guevara Commando Unit of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine which has taken over command of this TWA flight demands that all passengers on board should adhere to the following instructions:

1 — Remain seated and keep calm.

2 — For your own safety, place your hands behind your head.

3 — Make no move which would endanger the lives of other passengers on the plane.

4 — We will consider all your demands within the safe limits of our plan.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, among you is a passenger responsible for the death and misery of a number of Palestinian men, women and children, on behalf of whom we are carrying out this operation to bring this assassin before a revolutionary Palestinian court. The rest of you will be honorable guests of the heroic Palestinian Arab people in a hospitable, friendly country. Everyone of you, regardless of religion or nationality, is guaranteed the freedom to go wherever he pleases as soon as the plane is safely landed.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, our destination is a friendly country, and friendly people will receive you. Thank you for your cooperation. We wish you a happy journey."

El Al's Not So Safe Anymore

The person we were after was General Rabin (the former Israeli Chief of Staff) whom we knew had been booked on that flight. But he seemed to have changed plans at the last minute. I suppose prominent Israelis find it safer to travel on airlines other than El Al nowadays. Then I broadcast our message to the world:

"The Popular Front for the Liberation of

Palestine informs you that its Che Guevara Commando Unit is now in complete control of the Boeing plane belonging to Trans World Airlines, Flight No. 840, on its way from Rome to Lydda airport in the Occupied Palestinian Arab territory.

"Captain Shadia Abu-Ghazali, who has taken over command of this plane, and her colleagues request all those concerned to use the following call sign in their communication with the aircraft: POPULAR FRONT — FREE ARAB PALESTINE! And let it be clear that unless the above-mentioned call sign is used in communicating with the plane, we will not care to respond. Thank you."

Shadia Abu-Ghazali was my code name. The original Shadia was a girl resistance fighter in PFLP. She was killed in October, 1968, at the age of 21. After this I handed over our new route map to the captain. We did not follow the usual air traffic lane over Athens and Nicosia. Instead we went straight down the Greek coast, then south-east over Heraklion in Crete and eastward to Lydda. Not a very interesting flight because it was almost all over the sea at 33,000 feet.

When the captain went on to the new course I noticed that he kept on turning to port so as to go south-westward. He may have been trying to take it up to the American Wheelus airbase near Tripoli in Libya. But I was watching the compass and ordered him back on course. After that I told him exactly when to turn and on to what bearing number on the compass.

After 15 minutes my friend reminded me that the passengers still had their hands above their heads. I looked into the cabin and so they did. I apologized for inconveniencing them and asked the hostess to serve them with whatever they wanted to eat and drink, champagne if they wanted it. Otherwise, throughout the flight we had no contact with the passengers or cabin crew. We tried hard to get on to friendly terms with the three crew members but had no luck. We asked them if they wanted anything to eat or drink but they refused. We offered them our cigarettes but they refused those too. They didn't ask a single question about us. From time to time the captain would turn round, look at me and shake his head unbelievably. The only human contact was when the co-pilot, like a child in school, asked if he could go to the toilet.

Cont. on 23

BUDGET

TAPES & RECORDS

CONSTANT
EVERYDAY
PRICES

SPECIAL
OF THE
WEEK

ALBUMS 2.99 — REG. 4.98
ALL LABELS

LED ZEPPELIN 3
- 3.49 -

1218 WESTHEIMER
NEAR MONTROSE

5421 BELLAIRE
IN THE TRIANGLE CENTER

8341 LONGPOINT
K-MART CENTER

OPEN FROM
NOON TO NINE

BY R. SMITH

Leary Safe in Algiers

ALGIERS (LNS) — Sources in Algiers report that Tim Leary, who recently escaped from prison in San Luis Obispo, where he was serving the first of several ten-to-thirty-year sentences for possession of marijuana, has arrived in Algiers with his wife, Rosemary.

Leary escaped from the California Men's Colony in San Luis Obispo by climbing over a fence. He later changed clothes in a gas station men's room and disappeared. Weatherman claimed credit for aiding in his escape. Leary left behind a letter thanking Weatherman and urging young people to fight actively against U.S. imperialism.

The Learys appeared unexpectedly at the Black Panther Party Embassy in Algiers. Surprised Panthers let them in and, after brief consultations, arranged for the couple to be granted asylum in Algeria.

Algeria does not have diplomatic relations with the formal U.S. government. The Black Panther Embassy represents the revolutionary, anti-imperialist peoples of this country and handles all relations with the Algerian government.

The Black Panthers stressed that the Party had not known that Timothy was coming, and had not participated in his escape, but that they welcomed his presence in free territory.



-ANNOUNCING-
LANDLUBBER JEANS

now available at
THE PAISLEY CO.
at 2016 MONTROSE

Indian Charges Forked Tongue

WEST CHATHAM, Mass. (LNS) — A Wampanoag Indian, chosen to be state orator for the 350th anniversary celebrations of the landing of the Pilgrims, said state officials not only speak with forked tongue but tried to make him do the same.

Frank James, 46, said the speech he wrote, critical of the Pilgrims' treatment of the Indians and the treatment Indians have received ever since, was rejected by the State Department of Commerce and Development. A speech was written for him to deliver at the governor's banquet on Sept. 11, but James rejected it. "This is childish and untrue," he told state officials.

James, who is president of the Federated Eastern Indian League, had originally accused the Pilgrims of stealing Indian wheat and bean supplies for the winter; other settlers he accused of selling Indian "slaves" for 20 shillings. The Department of Commerce objected to the speech because it didn't discuss the good relations between Pilgrims and Indians. The reason for this omission, according to James, was that "there weren't any" good relations.

Earnest A. Lucci, deputy commissioner, said "I never took exception to the speech's historical accuracy, but only that it deviated from the function of a state orator, and besides, it was inflammatory. I mean you can't go around calling people grave robbers."

Lucci especially took exception to one part of James' speech, where he's written: "We are uniting. We're not standing in our wigwams but in your concrete tent. We stand tall and proud, and before too many moons pass, we'll right the wrongs we have allowed to happen to us."

"Now I interpret that as a threat," said Lucci. "What is the world coming to, in these days of discord, when we can't even have a speech calling for unity at a function such as this? Some of my best friends are Indians!"

James told the press: "I wired the governor to tell him I felt my right to free speech had just been restricted. This was a celebration to commemorate the start of white civilization in America, but it also marked the destruction of the Indians."

He then asked, "Why is my son serving on aircraft carrier in the Midwest when back home you can't say the things you want to say?"



HUEY'S RETRIAL DATE SET

OAKLAND, Calif. (LNS) — Judge Harold Hove of the Alameda County Superior Court set Jan. 11 for the retrial of Black Panther Minister of Defense Huey P. Newton on charges of killing an Oakland cop. Huey's defense attorney, Charles Garry, protested vehemently that he could not possibly begin the trial at that time, given all the other court cases he has to deal with first.

When Garry asked that it be the last days of January or the first days of February — pointing to the upcoming cases of Bobby Seale, David Hilliard and other Panthers, following the completion of the Los Siete trial which is now in progress — the judge balked, suggesting that Garry was "spreading himself too thin."

Outside the courthouse — the scene of so many demonstrations the past three years — Garry and Huey spoke briefly with the press. "What is happening here is part of the repression against the Black Panther Party," said Garry. "Now they are harrassing the lawyers so we won't be able to adequately represent our clients."

"What's really bothering them now is that Huey P. Newton is out on the street, relating to the people. That's what they're scared of. I didn't spread myself too thin — they spread me too thin, with all these attacks on the Panthers. The courts are intentionally working with the Federal Government in this. Look at New Orleans."

Huey told the reporters: "Frankly, I'm bored with the case. I can't relate to the court system. The people saw to my freedom, and the people will keep me free. I'm concerned with the Soledad case... the ten brothers (Huey referred to the 7 more brothers who, like the Soledad 3, have been accused of murdering a prison guard in retribution for three black prisoners murdered by a guard) and I am asking the people to support them."

"I'm also concerned with New Orleans. We are planning a march and demonstration there. The Governor of Louisiana threatened to kill David Hilliard and me if we set foot in Louisiana. I was born there, and I don't intend to allow anyone to keep me out of my hometown."



by Jim Ogg

A little over a year has passed between the release of Santana's first album and the latest, *SANTANA ABRAXAS*, and for this reason *ABRAXAS* will be a phenomenal seller, destined for Chart Heaven.

But the counter-reaction to its commercial success is bound to be a quick sense of disappointment after a few excited listenings. Where the first album was dynamic, *ABRAXAS* is redundant and forgettable, a kind of Spanish Iron Butterfly which offers the proposition that if you have enough percussion to trigger the natural rhythm of the average 16-year-old, you are a success, at least financially.

Perhaps *ABRAXAS* is not such a fall from the first album as much as wretched excess. *Oye Como Va*, *Se a Cabo* and *Incident at Neshabur* were all contained rather tightly in *Savor/Jingo* on the first LP. *Mother's Daughter* is a step down from *You Just Don't Care*. The pairing of Peter Green's *Black Magic Woman* and Gabor Szabo's *Gypsy Queen* is interesting and almost works, but seems more than anything to emphasize the band's lack of good original material. And *Hope You're Feeling Better* written by organist Gregg Rolie, with flashy guitar by Carlos Santana and strong vocal delivery by Rolie, almost stays within the boundaries of good taste, and at least sounds like something new.

Santana, after a solid debut and a long wait, may have proven with *ABRAXAS* to be, like so many other bands down the years, a mere flash-in-the-pan . . .

* * *

But all is not so bleak in the recording world. There are still poets among us. And all it takes is a recording like Neil Young's *AFTER THE GOLD RUSH* to drive the point home.

A brief history: Neil Young, along with Stephen Stills built Buffalo Springfield upon their prodigious song-writing abilities as well as an incredible one-two guitar punch, and the three albums that that band produced are milestones of rock music. Buffalo Springfield disbanded from internal pressures. Stills got involved momentarily with Kooper-Bloomfield, then joined forces with two other names, Crosby and Nash. Neil Young put together a band called Crazy Horse and they cut a fine album for Reprise. The real country influence of Springfield, Richie Furay and Jim Messina, are now surrounded by Poco.

The band that was one is now three. But where Stills seems to have attained a sort of creative limbo with CS&N and Poco has gone hayseed, Neil Young has blossomed. His second Crazy Horse LP, *EVERYBODY KNOWS THIS IS NOWHERE*, is a giant step forward, and his reunion with Stills on the

DEJA VU album brought the spirit of Springfield back to life.

So now we have Neil's third album, and it's picking up where *LAST TIME AROUND* left off, two and a half years later. I wish space allowed to print all the lyrics, as Neil's poetry has reached an intense level, darting from the surrealism of such scenes as *Don't Let it Bring You Down* and the title song to the real joy of *When You Dance I Can Really Love* to the unmasked hatred of the *Southern Man*, which can be compared to Richie Havens' *The Klan* as a study of bigotry, although it does not quite measure up to that song's passion.

The words all flow and fit, but it takes Neil's totally unique voice to make this album great. Take the title song *After the Gold Rush*. With only piano accompaniment, Neil's high plaintive vocal seems ethereal, ungrounded and gives the song the sense of a vision:

*Well I dreamed I saw the knights in armor coming
Saying something about a queen
There were peasants singing and drummers drumming
And the archer split the tree
There was a fanfare blowing to the sun
That was floating on the breeze
Look at Mother Nature on the run in the nineteen seventies . . .*

Or *Don't Let it Bring You Down*, a real haunter:
*Old man sitting by the side of the road
With the lories rolling by
Blue moon sinking from the weight of the load
And the buildings scrape the sky
Cold wind whipping down the alley at dawn
And the morning paper flies
Dead man lying by the side of the road with the daylight in his eyes, don't let it bring you down
It's only castles burning
Find someone who's turning
And you will come around . . .*

And even on the only non-original song on the album, *Oh Lonesome Me*, Neil changes the tempo, and with his inflection, phrasing, and harmonic make it a totally different song.

It's a great album, and I only hope Neil Young can shrug the Supergroup Syndrome and make it with Crazy Horse some more. They are, incidentally Danny Whitten, Billy Talbot, Ralph Molina and Nils Lofgren. Together with the cohesive genius of Neil Young, a band for the seventies . . .

* * *

YELLOW HAND on Capitol is worth as little space here as possible, just enough to advise you to save your money on this one. Pure dreck . . .

And speaking of saving money, if you haven't checked out Budget Tapes and Records yet, it is well worth your while if you are a rock music fan. They cut everybody in town by at least a dollar, and their selection is the best around. It's at Westheimer and Commonwealth, next door to Someburger . . .

FARMER'S DAUGHTER

Fresh Produce — 2315 Brazos

eggs35 doz
sweet corn . .06 ear
apples20 lb
pumpkin . .10 lb

open 12-10 pm

Sweetbreads

by Ichthyus

On the Hill
At the Hand
Wherever



UNIVERSITY AT KIRBY

SCHEDULE

- OCTOBER 12 — BUTTERMILK BOTTOM & RABBIT
- 17 — " " "
- 18 — CLOSED
- 20 — TOWN HALL
- 21 — AUDITIONS
- 22 — NEW PARTY RALLY
- 23 — SHIVA'S HEADBAND & DON SANDERS
- 24 — " " "
- 25 — CLOSED
- 26 — INLET BENEFIT

kick out the jams!

houston's 1st appearance
of detroit's

MC-5



OCT. 31 & NOV. 1
sat sun

2.50 head
8 pm

(Saturday night's a Halloween party!)

what's a community?

Community is the magical word that transforms the 50 cents in resources you have in your faded levi's to the 50 dollars you and all your friends and neighbors, brothers and sisters, have together in their collectively faded levi's. It is the cosmic unifier by which 15 people who need rides to the coast (any coast), and those very rides are just a shot away: one phone call to the most relevant media — in this case, switchboard and the hub of the universe, community's sister, communications, the cosmic equalizer, can put any prodigal in touch with willing accomplices — people going-but-need riders, drive-away agencies, or at least, hitchhiking advice and solace.

Community is being a powerful fist instead of an open hand whose spread fingers are easily broken off. Community is heavy shit. It cannot be wielded by any one, but is wielded for the benefit of every one.

In Houston, community is infant: she balances lightly on the hand and giggles when you tickle her or cries helplessly when you scorn or slap her. She has not yet learned to make a fist or an argument. She is barely aware of her right to life, though she seems to think she wants to live.

What can we do to nurture and teach her, to grow her big and strong? I thought you'd never ask. We are the protein that makes her strong; unless we

support the righteous efforts of our brothers and sisters (inlet, of our own, switchboard . . .) our collective efforts and energies will be destroyed by the man (rock promoters, hip capitalists, slum lords. . .) for his personal gain.

If our people fight one tribe at a time, all will be killed. They can cut off our fingers one by one. But if we join together we will make a powerful fist.

Little Turtle,
1791

detroit annie/paul



manager's report

This is your OF OUR OWN manager reporting in with the bi-weekly Of Our Own manager's report. Things are happening.

The board met Wednesday and got a lot done, mainly setting up committees of volunteers with board members as chairmen. The purpose of this was to get our shit together and to involve more people in the actual operation of Of Our Own. We also promised ourselves that any board member who didn't work would get canned. Anyone wanting to get into what we're doing come to Town Hall Tuesday at 8 p.m.

Last week's Town Hall was pretty far out, too. The few people that come each week are really getting into it. These people are the real core of Of Our Own.

So much for the human side. Here's the facts and figures on how we did during the last two weeks.

October 2 & 3

Headstone & Rabbit

Attendance App. 400 people
Total Gate \$800
Total Expenses \$550 (including \$400 for Roky Ericson)
Total Profit \$250

October 9 & 10

Josefus, Wolfgang, Boot Hill

Attendance App. 700 people
Total Gate \$1300
Total Expenses \$820
Total Profit \$480

As you can see, things are getting better all the time. Get involved with Of Our Own. It's your place.

— Mike

P.S. Now it can be told. Detroit's MC-5 will make their first Houston appearance at Of Our Own over the Halloween weekend (Saturday and Sunday)! We're having to up the ticket price from \$2 to \$2.50 in order to afford them, but that ought to be a hard rocking weekend like nothing Houston's seen yet. Freak out, you all!

Now it can also be told that Arlo Guthrie is supposed to be at Of Our Own the weekend of Oct. 23-24. Arlo himself told us yes, he'd do it as a free benefit for the club. But his manager is being very up-tight about the whole thing, and we haven't been able to contact Arlo again for over a month. So, we'll have Shiva's and Don Sanders, and there's a better than good chance that Arlo will come through.



dopin' it out...

REMEMBER EACH THING AFFECTS DIFFERENT PEOPLE DIFFERENTLY AND THEY ARE SUBJECT TO BEING CHANGED BY THEIR MAKERS.

BAD ACID

GREEN GODDESS: has strychnine and lots of speed. lots of reported bummers. street price \$2.50

GREEN PENTAGON: reports say impotent. average dose 4 hits.

YELLOW HEXAGON: potent. can be divided 6 ways. lots of speed. many bummers reported. street price \$2.

RAINBOW: brown with blue speckles. many bummers reported. street price \$3

WARNING: ANYTHING SOLD AS THC ISN'T. IT'S ANIMAL TRANQUILIZERS AND A COMPLETELY BAD TRIP!!

GOOD OR AVERAGE ACID

AQUARIUS: gray tab, smaller than sunshine. domed. average dosage ¼ tab. colorful trip. street price \$3

CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE: it's not California SUNSHINE. orange and domed. average dosage ½ tab. some speed, but a good trip. street price \$2

CLINICAL: heavy. reported 36 hour trip. average dose ¼. very pure. street price \$3.

PURPLE MICRODOT: average dosage ½. reports of after effects. very, very spaced out. street price \$2 - \$4.

PURPLE STP: lots of speed, but good trip. dosage 1. street price \$3.

BLUE DOUBLEDOME: street price \$2, pretty good trip.

LSD 25: pure. dosage ¼-½. very heavy. street price \$3-\$5.

WINDOW PANE: almost pure. good trip. see though. street price \$3.

PEACE: dosage 4. reports claim not to be potent.

YELLOW PENTAGLE: no speed. very trippy. dosage ½ street price \$3.

BLUE FLATS: very little speed. real good. dosage 1 tab. street price \$4.

MESCALINE

PURPLE LARGE CAPS: synthetic. ½ dosage. \$2.

ORANGE TAB: very mild. synthetic.

ORGANIC: red cap. chocolate brown particles. damn good. \$2.50.

WEED

KILLER WEED: very heavy. cut with just about everything. \$10 - 12.

ACAPULCO GOLD: good and strong. \$15.

SWEET MOUSE: mind tripper. claimed not cut. \$10 - 15.

SPRING HARVEST: average \$10.

a library for the left



by Doyle Niemann

One of the most common claims against the left today is that it has no theory, analysis or program sophisticated enough to deal with contemporary American reality. This is not exactly true. While the left has not yet developed a complete analysis of our society — which is not surprising considering it is still relatively young (sds was only formed in 1962) — it has gone a long way towards defining some of the contours of that analysis and program. The problem is that much of this work is not generally available to people. It is in a variety of pamphlets, papers, and a few books. None of this material is readily available in bookstores, libraries or the mass media.

To help alleviate this problem a few of us at Space City! would like to set up the LIBERATION LIBRARY. Space City! has donated us a room in their office — 1217 Wichita. We already have a great deal of material to put in the Library — the personal libraries of a few of us, plus all that Space City! regularly gets in exchanges with other papers. This gives us good material on what people around the country are doing and thinking right now, plus some stuff of a more general theoretical and analytical nature.

We'd like for the library to serve as both a resource center for the movement, where people can find out information they need to know and can improve their own understanding of American reality, and as a place where people who are new to the movement can find out a little of what it is about. We'd like for it to be a nice comfortable place where people can sit around and read and rap.

One other thing that we would like to do, providing we can get some financial support, is to set up a literature store and maybe a book store. There is a fantastic amount of material in pamphlet form which is relatively cheap and also quite good, but it is simply unavailable in Houston at the present moment. We would like to be able to order some of this and to have it around for people to buy. We might even be able to get to the point where we can print some of our own material.

But if all of this is to come off we are going to need a lot of help and assistance. Space City! has given us a nice comfortable room (with a fireplace even),

but we have absolutely no furniture at the moment. We need easy chairs, couches, desks or tables, lights, and hopefully a real rug. We also are going to need lumber to build shelves and other furnishings as well as file cabinets to put all our stuff in.

Our most pressing need, however, is that perennial one of MONEY. In addition to needing money just to get the library operating, we also need money to make it a *real* library. Right now we are getting a lot of material through the personal subscriptions of some of us setting up the library. That can not continue since none of us have any more money. Our subscriptions are expiring. Right now, for instance, our subscriptions to *Liberation*, *Hard Times*, *The Militant*, *International Socialist Review*, *Women: A Journal of Liberation*, *New Left Review*, *Socialist Revolution* (see review this issue), *The Black Scholar*, the index of radical publications of the Radical Research Center, and about 10 other publications are all up for grabs.

We also are going to need money to subscribe to new publications and to keep up to date with all the pamphlets, books and papers which are coming out every day. Certainly we are going to need some substantial amounts of money before we could ever set up a real literature or book store.

But money is not our only need, we would gladly accept donations of books and literature which would be useful for the library to have. Of particular interest here are things which would be useful for power structure research as well as material from or about the earlier periods of left activity in this country. If you don't want to just give us money, we would accept contributions for a specific publication or book.

Finally, and perhaps most important, we are going to need people who would be interested in working with the library. The more people we can involve in setting up and operating the library the better it will be. We really want it to be a community thing.

If you would like to help, give money, donate furniture or materials please contact Doyle Niemann in the Space City! office at 1217 Wichita, 526-6257. Power to the People.



MUSIC IS NEWS

A chronicle; a prediction; a reflection. A mirror to the world. Did the Egyptians sing "Up Against the Pyramid, Pharaoh"—? Music: of the people.

Take Me To The Mountains—Shiva's Headband: Charles Carper, in the *Daily Cougar*, wrote, "Shiva's music can't change nature, but they can naturally sing and take some of the sting out of living." An armadillo ecstasy.

If: Seven men making momentous music; finding new dimensions; making things happen. From England, with brass and beauty. "If is a must." (Chris Van Ness, L. A. Free Press)

Quatermass: A record to hold in your head. Hear from start to end; then share, joyously. Music from life, or from science fiction; or maybe they're the same.

Mongrel—Bob Seger: A total musical experience. You'll find that your favorite cut on the album keeps changing, the sign of timelessness and now.

Listening to Richard Brautigan: More than any other, Richard Brautigan is the poet for our lives. Here he shares some of his stories, and you're a part of his family.



on Capitol
and
Harvest



One of a series of drawings by John Van Hammersveld.

Thinking Out The Revolution

by Doyle Niemann

SOCIALIST REVOLUTION, Three issues (Agenda Publishing Co., 1445 Stockton St., San Francisco, Cal. 94133 — subscription: \$6 per year)

Copies of *Socialist Revolution* will soon be available in the Liberation Library at Space City! (see story, p. 17)

The New Left as it emerged in the early 1960s involved not just a new activism to correct the social ills of American society, but also a developing awareness of what that society really was. One of the early reflections of this theoretical urge was *Studies On The Left* published from 1959 to 1967. In *Studies* appeared some of the New Left's first attempts to develop a systematic theory and analysis of American society. *Studies On The Left* discontinued publishing in 1967 because of a split in the staff. One side argued that *Studies* should relate to and report on the emerging anti-war and anti-racist movement of the young, believing that this movement would spontaneously develop socialist politics and organization. The other side argued that while this movement was very important that only a self-consciously socialist party could achieve the theoretical and programmatic coherence necessary for a revolutionary movement. They favored willful action by those interested in such a party, calling for a preliminary organization made up mostly of intellectuals to begin defining the problems of revolution in the advanced industrial society of the US. They thought *Studies* should become the organ of that new grouping. The conflict between the two perspectives was irresolvable and *Studies* discontinued publication with both groups planning to put out new journals. Three years later, the first such journal appeared, *Socialist Revolution*, put out by the latter of the two groups on the *Studies* staff — those favoring the creation of a self-conscious socialist movement leading to the formation of a socialist party.

Socialist Revolution is the work of a collective of people, many of whom were involved in one time or another in *Studies On The Left*, who share a common perspective on the nature of American society. The journal reflects their ideological position and all the articles are centered around its elaboration. This, in itself, is a significant achievement on the left today — the

development of an overall systematic view of the nature of American society. Although I see a few problems with their perspective, it seems to me the most highly developed and sophisticated analysis to be found anywhere on the left today. If that, it has much to recommend itself and I would suggest that anyone interested in seeing what the left has to say take a close look at the three issues of *Socialist Revolution* so far published. They offer something of a sketch of a full-blown theory of American society and the contradictions which now beset it.

As *Socialist Revolution* sees it American Society has developed out of the laissez-faire capitalism of an Adam Smith into a highly developed industrial state. It is a "corporate liberal" state in which imperialistic expansion and monopoly state capitalism dominate — a "warfare-welfare" state. In its earlier primitive capitalistic stage the various parts of society were relatively independent of each other. There was a separation between the economy and the government, schools, churches, and mass culture (the superstructure in Marxist terminology). However, in the current system all these elements — the economy and the superstructure — are highly integrated and functionally inseparable. Not only has the government become increasingly linked to the forces of production, but the schools, the churches, the mass media, the means of communication and transportation, and the daily lives (at home as well as at work) of the citizenry are also intimately linked.

As the nature of the capitalistic system changed several significant changes occurred in the populace. First, there was an expansion of the proletariat (work force). This can be seen in the uprooting of rural populations, mass migration of Southern poor and black people to the cities, the destruction of small-scale farming and industry, the mass entry of women into the work force, and the internationalizing of labor (i.e., the exploitation of foreign labor). Secondly, the rapid advances of production necessary to maintain a high rate of profit (Marxist "surplus value") led to an increasingly skilled proletariat. Workers had to be educated to understand and control complex techniques of production, communication and economic and social control. This



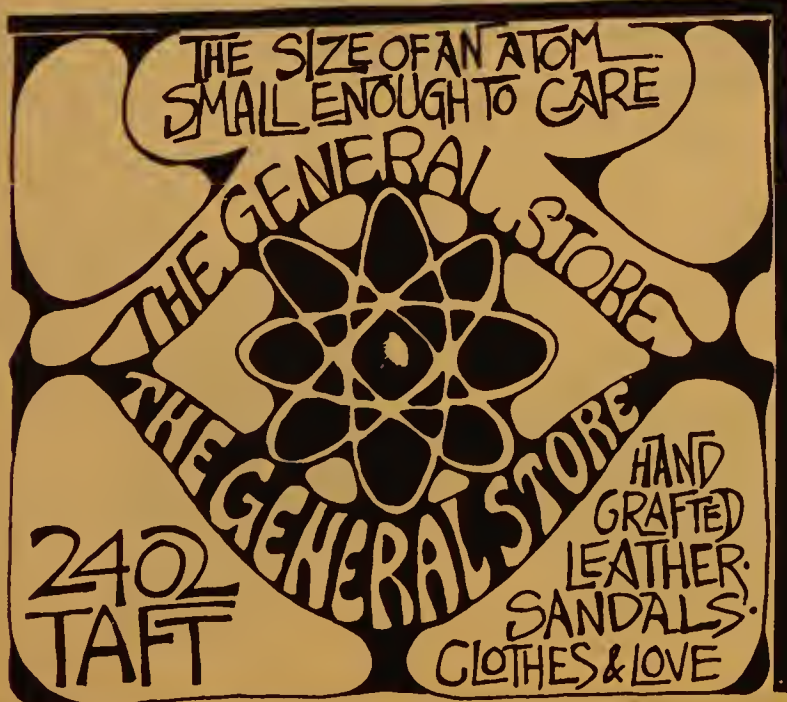
W. Hanson/Hundred Flowers/LNS

meant a more educated and sophisticated work force was developed and led to the rise of whole new sectors of the working class. This is where the integration of the educational system into the capitalist system became of extreme importance — its function was (and is) to train this proletariat.

Another change in the capitalistic system was that whereas in previous days capitalists had to worry little about the market for their goods increasingly since the first part of this century they have had to actively seek out new markets. They have done this in two ways: first, in terms of an imperialistic expansion abroad — the "free world" empire, and second, by expanding the internal market. This meant the further integration and control of the lives of the people. The capitalist ruling class realized that it had to be able to direct the search of the masses for satisfaction of its needs and desires, conscious and unconscious, to the marketplace where they could make a profit off of it. It is here that the materialism of American society has its roots. It was the conscious creation of the corporate capitalists. They instilled new values and new needs into the mass of the populace (the proletariat) through their control of the mass culture and mass media. They also brought about the disintegration of the previous subcultures of the proletariat — ethnic, religious and ideological — and replaced them with a mass culture built around commodity production and consumption. People were indoctrinated to seek solutions to their problems — most of them created by the bourgeois — capitalist society around them — in the marketplace rather than in the relations which they had with one another and with the society around them.

Of course, the problems remained in the relations which existed between people, groups, classes and institutions. And the attempt to channel their solution into consumption and materialism merely brought on further alienation and isolation.

The picture, then, that we get of modern capitalist society is one of a highly integrated system — encompassing not only the relations of production but all relations existing in the society whether they be in the schools, politics, the churches, the family, etc. It is a system in which people are isolated and alienated from one another, but also one in which rather than seeking to change the relations which are upsetting, solution is sought through increased consumption and materialism. As *SR* puts it: "A vast, variegated proletariat lives under conditions of individual isolation, its life outside of work organized around commodity consumption. As capital offers more and more distractions in the form of new and different commodities, these distractions become less and less emotionally satisfying. As bourgeois ideology promises personal liberation and fulfillment through commodities, the proletariat becomes confused, irritated, and angry. Students rise up against authoritarian institutions; blacks burn the cities; street people reject alienated labor and attempt to establish their own turf in the streets; drop-outs seek escape in drugs, in the intimacy of personal encounters, mysticism, rural communes; the majority search for meaning in fantasy, in new sexual relations, escapist travel, televised heroism, controlled violence, and the military precision of professional sports. Antagonistic social relations, in the most chaotic, distorted, self-



deceptive, and violent forms, are displaced from the factories and offices into the streets, the schools, and the home. Capital tries to contain the chaos in the only way it knows how: by turning these forms of escape, these outbursts, these new experiments in living into more capital." (no. 2, page 16)

However, as the capitalist structure was developing this incredibly complex, integrated system to expand and realize more profit and surplus value, it was also developing contradictory forces inside it which are, even now, beginning the process of revolutionary change. To expand production, capitalism educated the proletariat and made them sensitive to the nature of the society so that they could control it (for the benefit of capitalism, of course). It created Rational Man, but once created it wasn't long before he began to see the absurdly irrational nature of the capitalist system — the student movement, ecology, social service movement, etc. resulted. It increased the proletariat by bringing blacks, women and the Third World into it, but it could never fulfill the promises which it implicitly made to these groups because that would destroy profit. So these groups began to move to oppose the system — black liberation, women's liberation, the Vietnamese liberation struggle, guerrilla war around the world, etc.

More and more, various sectors of the proletariat — an international proletariat — are coming to realize that not only do they create the objects of the society (i.e., the goods and services) but they also have the power to create the needs those objects fulfill. They are coming to see that their real needs are not those which capitalism has created and that only revolutionary change can create a system and a society which can satisfy their real needs.

But the revolutionary movement is still relatively small and still relatively unsure of what it is doing. This comes from a lack of understanding (consciousness) of what the true nature of bourgeois-capitalist society is and what it is doing to people. The objective possibility exists for this awareness, but it is by no means guaranteed.

The crucial role for revolutionaries in advanced capitalist countries lies in the development of a proletarian consciousness of the nature of capitalism and the way that it oppresses people. It lies in the unmasking of bourgeois ideology and in the creation of a revolutionary counter-culture and ideology. This is where theory and analysis play a key role, more so in advanced capitalist countries than in the underdeveloped Third World (where all previous revolutions have occurred) because the means of oppression are more subtle and sophisticated and the tasks of the revolution less obvious. The ruling class in capitalism maintains itself in power, not so much through armed force, although they have that as a last resort, but through its control of the consciousness of the people. It defines and determines the culture and so long as it maintains that control its power is invincible.

The task for revolution, then, is two fold. First, there must be created — at least among the ranks of the revolutionary forces — an understanding and awareness of the nature of capitalism and how it maintains its domination. Second, there must be an organized manifestation of the revolutionary movement which reflects this awareness and which can make the proletariat aware of its oppression and its power through revolutionary practice. There is need, in other words, for a revolutionary party which can make concrete and real the abstract analysis of the revolution and which can actually implement the counter culture of the revolution.

This revolutionary movement (party) must encompass all the sectors of the variegated proletariat giving them a unity and a direction so that

UP AGAINST THE WALL!

Defense from the Ground



by Randall Patrick McMurphy

Quite often a person who has been knocked down, but not out, will take an unnecessary beating. The inverse also happens frequently: a man who's been knocked down will regain his feet and defeat his assailant.

How to defend yourself, if you're knocked down and how to keep an opponent down will be the subject of this article.

While fighting, if you find yourself on the ground, try to get back to your feet as quickly as possible. Try to keep your back or side to your assailant when you rise. This offers him the least accessible targets.

Should you not be able to rise, roll over on your side. Once you're on your side, pull your knees in, and raise your hands in a guarding position. This will enable you to use your hands and knees if an assailant should try to jump on you.

the efforts of the various revolutionary movements are directed at the primary contradictions of the system and not just at some of the manifestations. Thus, it is necessary to attack the alienated nature of labor — the inhuman, irrational core of capitalism — and the ideology which justifies and buttresses it (and which also justifies such phenomena as racism, authoritarianism and sexism). It is only through such a united revolutionary movement that a truly humane, equal and just society can be created for all the people of the world.

This has only been a rough (and, I'm afraid, rather crude) sketch of the analysis and theory of *Social Revolution*. I urge all of you to get copies of the journal (\$1 each, \$6 a year) and check it out for yourself.

The difficulty I have with *Socialist Revolution* lies less in their analysis than in the sense of spirit, of feel, which I get from the journal. These are scholars, albeit radical scholars, and there is a real sense of elitism and arrogance in the journal — a sense that they think they have all the answers. This is reflected also in their conception of the creation of the needed revolutionary organization. One gets the impression that it is to be created and led by the "intellectuals" of the movement — those who have come to fully understand the theory. Such an organization would, I feel, be largely irrelevant and certainly not reflective of the values which *SR* proposes. A revolutionary party can only, and will only, be created by the people. This doesn't mean that revolutionary intellectuals won't have a key role to play — they will — but my experience is that most "intellectuals" have a way to go before they could create a real (as opposed to abstract, intellectual) revolutionary culture and life-style. For that matter, we all do.

What needs to be done — and I don't think this is inconsistent with the *SR* position — is to begin to create that revolutionary organization and culture, right now, among the people. This means that we have to begin to form ourselves into collectives; into groups of people where we can begin the process of developing not only our understanding of bourgeois-capitalist society, but also begin to develop ourselves into the kind of people that could create a truly revolutionary organization and culture. We must begin now to confront the bourgeois ideology which exists inside all of us who have grown up in this society and which is still manifest in many of the relations within the movement as well as outside of it. The time for talk alone is rapidly coming to an end, we must begin to act as

If he does jump, use your hands and knees to roll him off. Strike him in the mouth, side of the neck, throat, temple, jaw or nose if you can't get him off. With minimum force, a fist or knee in the groin will assure you of getting an attacker to move.

Should someone try to kick or stomp you when you're down, let him get close enough to do so, stiffen your ankle, then kick to your attacker's knee, ankle, groin or abdomen. A hard blow to any of these areas should either topple a person, or lessen his ability to fight.

Many factors contribute to taking a person off his feet. With poor balance or slippery footing, a moderate blow can be sufficient to take a man down. The chin, solar plexus and knee are valuable targets to strike. The temple and mid-spine also require less force than the abdomen or shoulders in knocking an individual off his feet.

A kick or stomp to the knee is unparalleled in taking an assailant to the

well.

This sense of the necessity to change and transform ourselves and our relations with each other is what I feel most lacking in *SR* — it too often seems dry, sterile and unfeeling. I can't say that this is the greatest crime in the world — it may actually have helped them avoid some of the pitfalls that other movement people have fallen into (for instance, the weathermen) — but it would certainly seem to be a prerequisite to any serious revolutionary movement in this country.

At any rate, I recommend *Socialist Revolution* to you for its theoretical value if not for its spirit. It's also of

ground. It's very difficult for someone who has just received a broken or severely strained knee to continue to fight. A similar blow to an opponent's inner thigh will result in his inability to properly balance on his injured leg.

Once you have a man on the ground, don't let him rise to his feet. Regardless of how he lands, be quick in getting close to him. Well placed kicks will serve you best in preventing an opponent from getting up.

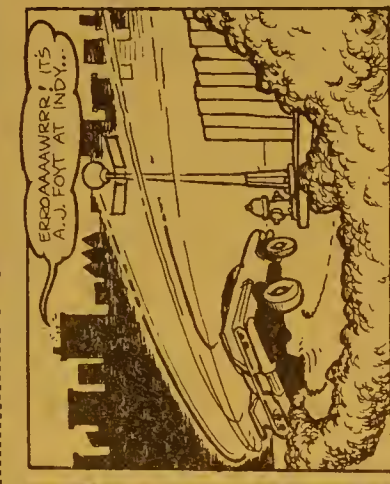
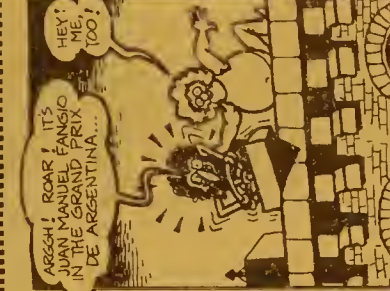
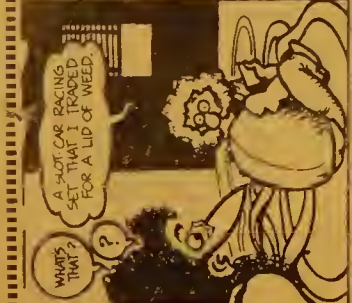
If he should raise to one knee or reach your waist level or higher in attempting to stand, use your hands or knee. An uppercut, backhand strike or a hard straight punch to facial targets should put anyone back down. When uppercutting, lift up with your knees. If you use a straight punch, drop your weight when you hit. A combination of any two of the three is good insurance to prevent someone's getting to his feet.

Remember, there's no sense in beating a person more than is necessary. Self defense turns to assault if you use more force than is needed to protect yourself. If it's apparent your assailant is either unwilling or unable to do you further immediate physical harm, leave him alone. There's no sense in taking a bust (or at least facing the possibility) just because you can't assert some self-control.

value for individual specific articles: James O'Connor's two part series on "The Fiscal Crisis Of The State" (no.1 and no.2) probably one of the best things done on fiscal and social relations in modern capitalism; James Weinstein's "The Underdevelopment of Socialism in Advanced Industrial Society" (no.1), Richard Lichtman's "The Facade of Equality in Liberal Democratic Theory" (no.1), John Judis' "The Triumph of Bourgeois Hegemony in the Face of Nothing that Challenges It" (no.2), Saul Landan's interview with Fidel Castro (no.2), Ellen Willis' "Consumerism and Women" (no.3), and Richard Lichtman's "Capitalism and Consumption" (no.3).

Grass
Hut
head shoppe
one

1200 ~ West
Alabama

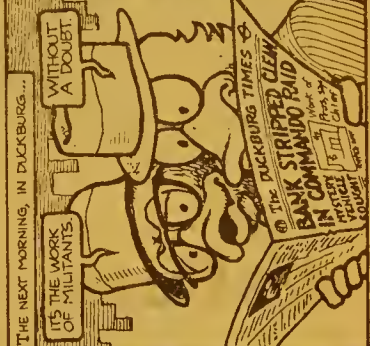
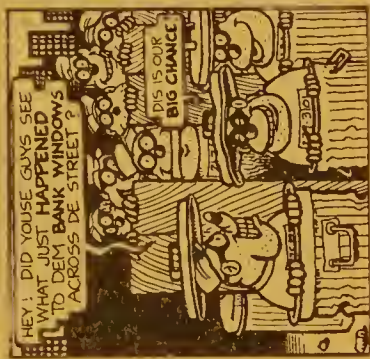
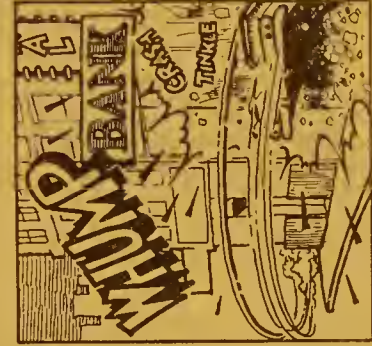
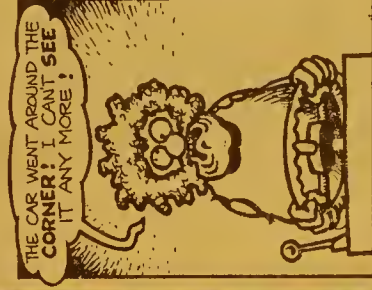


For the first time in Space City's short life there are enough staff so that people don't feel worked completely to death. However, there is an impending financial crisis which could seriously affect the paper's chances of survival. There has never been any money for even subsistence salaries (people have been living on their savings, paper sales, etc.), and now there is even more staff. And people's savings are now running out. In addition, we are about to have a baby (December). Paper sales just won't nearly cover all the expenses, and the paper is still not making enough money to pay salaries. Several people are definitely going to have to go out and get paying (straight) jobs.

We need money! If folks could donate money for bare subsistence salaries that would be outasite (and with us, subsistence is pretty low, so anything you send would help lots). Short of (or in addition to) money, a collective job would run a close second best. That is, a job that the Space City Collective would take responsibility for (we'd rotate the work). If anyone has any money to donate or any collective work for us to do, please call Space City!, 526-6257.

—the Collective

HEY! YE!



Personel:
Harry
Dale
Dana
Jack

Carl
Curtis
Peter
Johnny
Dog
Texwest

SUPPLIES FOR THE MIND & BODY
HAND CRAFTED
Jewels & Leather

Clothing
Custom orders

Exciting headgear
Photographies



1500 W. ALABAMA, HOUSTON, TEXAS 528-0625

Preston Speechless

Cont. from 3

Gary Askins, was abruptly cut off in his speech by the sudden appearance of some nervous-looking campus security guards, who huddled in a little group at the back of the jeering crowd.

It only struck me about half-way through the rally that this amazingly spirited scene was happening at the University of Houston, of all places. Hundreds of students had turned out, on only a few hours notice (publicity on the rally was deliberately withheld until that morning to prevent the right-wing students from rallying their forces). This was the campus at which only last year the Young Americans for Freedom and a group of football players had effectively disrupted

rallies of this nature.

Last year campus radicals were indeed only a "handful." This year they're becoming a movement.

Perhaps this new movement has grown out of the mounting anger and enthusiasm initiated by the Battle of the Trees and the strike around the Kent State murders and the Cambodia invasion last spring. Perhaps UH students are finally realizing that the situation in this country and in the world is becoming increasingly serious, that there's a real problem and you're going to become part of that problem by default if you don't make yourself part of the solution.

Whatever it is, it's right on!

And let's not forget that John Mitchell, attorney general of the United States of Amerika, is scheduled to put in an appearance at UH early in November. Maybe he has something to say about political prisoners.

UH: Randy Suspended

As Gov. Preston Smith returned to his day-to-day business, University of Houston President Philip G. Hoffman attempted to insure that one person at least would not return to "business as usual."

UH Student Senator Randy Chapman, of nation-wide broom fame, was suspended indefinitely from school two days after the governor's appearance on (and rapid disappearance from) campus.

Randy says that this action is clearly illegal as far as Student Life policy goes (the policy having been set by Hoffman himself.) In fact, the University Student Senate met Friday night, Oct. 9, in an emergency session to declare Hoffman's action "illegal." The Student Life Council, composed of a vice president, head of the Faculty Senate and head of the Student Senate, agreed, and said that the University Student Court had the final say in this matter.

The broom issue had been blown up to such preposterous dimensions

in the media (one major network news-cast talked about some "idiot" who chased the governor with a broom) that the President evidently felt now was the time to do something about Randy (a long-time UH "troublemaker").

Randy says that he wasn't anywhere near the governor. He had this broom in his hand and a university security officer tackled him. He resisted, until the officer said he only wanted the broom.

"I gave him the broom and we both proceeded to follow the governor to his car," Randy said.

"Larry Fultz (head of Traffic and Security at UH) had explained to Hoffman that the broom was of no consequence. But the whole issue was so blown up — Hoffman just chose me to pick on," he said.

Attorneys for Randy are attempting to get restraining order against the university for keeping Chapman from attending classes. The hearing, at which, unfortunately occurs after Space City! goes to press.

Leila Khaled

Cont. from 15

The pilot kept glancing at the grenade in my left hand, so finally to reassure him, I put my arm across his back and tapped him on the left shoulder with the grenade: "Listen I'm accustomed to this thing. Don't be afraid." A little later I scratched my head with the grenade to show him just how familiar with it I was, but I doubt whether he was reassured. 15.55 hours. Compass bearing 140 degrees.

There were long, uneventful periods during this eventful flight that were punctuated only by the messages I broadcast to the countries we flew past or over — Italy, Greece, the UAR, Lebanon and Syria. These messages explained what we had done and appealed for support "for the just struggle of the Palestinian people," and ended with the words, "Down with U.S. Imperialism and Zionism. We will win." The co-pilot looked at me angrily every time I mentioned America.

I also spoke, spontaneously, to the passengers over the intercom to explain our struggle. "We have hijacked this plane because we want to cut the roots that feed Israel. Don't go to Israel because there is resistance on land and en route: tell this to your friends. We want to go back to our country and we can live with the Jews because we lived with them before." We tried to explain things to the crew but they were an unreceptive audience. 16.10 hours. Compass bearing 118 degrees.

The exchange of messages I had with Cairo Airport, in Arabic, were amusing. They were flabbergasted when a woman's voice told them what had happened and where we were going. I first had to tell them that I wouldn't respond till they used our own call sign. Then, the breathless response came from Cairo something like this: "You Popular you Front you Free you Arab you Palestine! Why-are-you-going-to-Israel?" And I replied, "Yes, we are going to Israel, to liberate it!"

JANIS JOPLIN

Cont. from 13

that stage. I give up the chance of having an old man. I have a beautiful new home near San Francisco, but I spend most of my life in hotel rooms and planes. I have friends I hardly ever get to see. And all I get is being insulted by waitresses and hotel clerks. Why do I do it? For those three or four hours a week I spend on stage."

At the same time she also said, "Eighteen months ago I really had the Cosmic Blues. I really had them bad. But it's a matter of accepting things. Accept things and life doesn't seem so bad. You've got to realize that you'll never have as much as you want, and that when you die, you'll be alone — everyone is."

Not long ago Janis returned to Port Arthur for the tenth anniversary reunion of her high school graduating class. Despite reports in the local press which made her seem spiteful towards the kind of people who used to ignore her and are now plumbers in Port Arthur, people present say she didn't play that celebrity role. Instead she tried to be friendly and unassuming and fit in with the group. One girl in her class said, "It was like it mattered to her what we thought after all these years. It seemed like she remembered her high school days and wanted to be accepted."

Janis told one Houston reporter that when she was in high school people threw books at her. Later, when one of her Port Arthur friends asked why she'd said something that wasn't true, Janis replied, "I know it wasn't true. It was the only way I could explain the hurt I felt." During her visit to Port Arthur it was as if she was trying to find some substance in the people and relationships that she had missed as a touring rock star.

At the University of Texas Janis had hung out with the folk singing crowd in 1960 and '61. She was enough of an oddity at the time to be featured in the Daily Texan in an article titled "She Dares to be Different." She was the folk singing predecessor to the later Chuckwagon freak scene. Hanging around, she'd sometimes show up at the weekly folk singing session in the Union which featured such local stand outs as Kerry Rush and John Clay, or she'd wind up at Kenneth Threadgill's tavern north of town, working with Powell St. John, Threadgill and others.

This summer a Jubilee celebration was organized in honor of Threadgill, a sixty-year old country folk singer and noted proprietor of a tavern housed in an old gas station. Mance Lipscomb up from Navasota, and all the local musicians, as well as an audience of freaks and country people were on hand for the benefit. Then miraculously Janis appeared. She had heard of the get-together while in Hawaii, hopped aboard a plane and flew to Austin.

She came in by herself and capped the evening. On stage with her own guitar as accompaniment, she apologized to the crowd, "I never did learn to play this thing very good," and then belted out a few songs. To Threadgill who was also on the stage she announced, "I've brought you just what you've always needed — a good lay." Then she took the lei off her neck and put it on Threadgill with a kiss. Everyone was happy, and in Austin Janis was something more than a distant rock celebrity. Maybe Janis had a home.

Just as life may have been settling down and her music with the Full Tilt Boogie Band taking an exploratory country-blues-rock turn, the junk caught up with her and she died. Her ashes now are drifting in the Pacific off California. Her energy and her blues have touched all of us, and we will carry that part of her into the future. But as she herself said:

*Don't expect any answers dear
For I know they don't come with age.*

Kosmic Blues
Janis Joplin

**Now
the new age in books:
everything from
astrology to ecology
reincarnation to meditation
revolution to evolution
Afro to judo
hex to sex.**



Aquarian Book Center

508 Louisiana 233-6324 Hours 10 to 10

INS + OUTS

The Jewish Community Center of Houston, Texas announces that its Second Center Jury Award Photography Exhibit will open December 16 and continue through January 22. This competitive photography exhibit is open to all area photographers, amateur and professional, and is offered with the hope of furthering the growth of photography as an art form in Houston. Individual prizes will be awarded in the categories of color and black and white prints, color slides, and super 8 movies. Presentation of these awards will be made at an open reception honoring the photographers to be held Wednesday evening, Dec. 16 at the Center. Entry forms may be obtained at local camera stores, photo labs, area high schools and colleges, or by calling the Jewish Community Center, 729-3200.

UNA FIESTA!!! A Festival of Nations! 2015 S. Shepherd, Houston, (across from Battelstein's—plenty o' parking). **FREE TO YOUNG AND OLD** Salute to th. UN by international flag ceremony conducted by Girl Scouts presenting flags of all UN nations. Poster Contest Awards presented. Entertainment—dancers, musicians, and local celebrities on stage. Displays, UN Stamps—Free Snacks of foreign foods!

BURKE BAKER PLANETARIUM—"The UFO Story" discusses the possibility of visits to the Earth by beings from other worlds. Far Out. Tues-Fri. 2 & 4 pm, Sat-Sun 2,3 & 4 pm. Hermann Park.

Espiritu Institute offers encounter group session every Friday at 7:30 pm. Free intro on the second Thurs. of every month, 7:30.

UH Women's Liberation, every Thurs night at UH Univ. Center at 7:30—for info call 664-4682.

Harriet Tubman Brigade, radical women's liberation group, 526-6251.

A draft information and counseling service is available on the Rice University campus on the 2nd floor of the Rice Memorial Center.

A draft information and counseling service is available on the Rice University campus on the 2nd floor of the Rice Memorial Center. Mon thru Thurs from 7-9 pm. & Sat afternoon from 2-5 pm. or call 528-4141 Ext. 320.

numbers

Inlet Drug Crisis	526-7925	Voice of HOPE	228-0714
Univ of Thought	526-1829	Family Hand	528-8306
ACLU	524-5925	Draft Counseling	523-5034
Space City!	526-6257	Of Our Own	526-6996
Switchboard	522-9769	KXYZ-FM	748-3980
Pacific Radio	224-4000	KLOL-FM	222-8103
VD Clinic	222 4201	Little Red	
Problem Pregnancy	523-5354	School House	526-6258
Planned Parenthood	523-7419	Papel Chicano	928-2185
		Harriet Tubman	
MAYO	226-9963	Brigade	526-6257

SPACE IN ROCK

of our own-see p. 17

FAMILY HAND—Fri. & Sat.—Elmore Nixon Group, Blues Pianist—50 cover.

UH COFFEE HOUSE
Oct. 16, Friday—Denim & Vince Bell—8:00 p.m. Increased admission—\$1 Students, \$1.25 Public.
Oct. 17, Sat.—Folk Smorgasbord—Johnny Laxton, Ricky McKee, Larry Ricky, Greasy Fox Duet.
Oct. 18—Sun.—Bill Haymes
Speaker: James Witter, Dir. Food Services on Campuses w/ questions from audience.
Oct. 19—24th—Mary Smith (National coffee house service entertainer)
Hours: M-Th, 8-11; Fr & Sat, 8-1.

FILMS

Rice University's CINEMA—REVOLUTION—AMERICAN DREAM. We invite any local films to be shown at 7:30 pm. Please call 522-7997; Thursday of the showing.

Oct. 16—L'ATALANTE (Vigo)
WAGES OF FEAR (Clouzot)
Oct. 17—OH DEM WATERMELONS (Robert Nelson)
MR SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON (Capra)
Oct. 23—IL GRIDO (Antonioni)
Oct. 24—THE GRAY UNNAMABLE (M. Stewart)
THE PLOW THAT BROKE THE PLANS (P. Lorentz)
YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE (Fritz Lang)
Oct. 30—To be announced.
Oct. 31—SCORPIO RISING (Kenneth Anger)
EAST OF EDEN (Elia Kazan)

University of St. Thomas HISTORY OF THE FILM: FALL SERIES
Oct. 20—UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS (René Clair, 1929)
Oct. 27—CITIZEN KANE (Orson Welles, 1941)

UH Film Series—8 pm Fridays, Library Auditorium
ECLIPSE—Oct. 16
DEAR JOHN—Oct. 23
LOOK BACK IN ANGER—Oct. 30

THEATER

The play ONE WAY STREET will be presented at the Liberal Arts Auditorium One, on the UH campus. Written by Judithann Kashuba, with music by Paul Hamilton, this one-act premier performance presents a provocative and sobering look at the world, challenging each member of the audience to work toward bringing peace quickly. Under the sponsorship of the Houston Chapter of the United Nations Association, and the University of Houston's World Council, this presentation is free to the public. Friday, October 23, 8:30 p.m.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA—Single tickets go on sale Tuesday, Oct. 13 for the first play of Alley Theatre's Gateway Season which opens Oct. 22 thru Nov. 22. Opening will be preceded by two special previews which are available to students as well as the general public. Previews will be held on Sunday, Oct. 18 and Tuesday, Oct. 20 at 7:30 pm. Single ticket prices for the special previews are \$3.90, 3.30 & 3.00. A special price of \$2 will be given to student groups of ten or more. Subscription tickets to the previews of all six plays are available to students at a special discount. For information on the Student Preview Subscription contact the Alley Box Office, 615 Texas Avenue, JA 2-1045 for Foley's Ticket Centers

People who give info to SPACE IN: Send in or call in your news/public service blurb to Switchboard at 2909 Brazos, 522-9769 so they can spread the word too!

FOOD CO-OP HAS MOVED TO A WAREHOUSE BEHIND TEXAS ART SUPPLY ON MONTROSE. NO PHONE NOW, BUT WILL HAVE ONE NEXT WEEK

STAFF BOX

SPACE CITY!

1217 WICHITA
HOUSTON, TEXAS 77004
★ 526-6257 ★

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER THURSDAY BY THE
LYMAN PADDE EDUCATIONAL PROJECT ***
MEMBER OF LNS / UPS

COLLECTIVE: SOEMITHON VICTORIA
SMITH DENNIS FITZGERALD GREEN
THORNE DREYER PELORES RAY
JUDY FITZGERALD

ADS: MIKE FINGER

ART: KERRY FITZGERALD
CHARLES PARMELY

GROUPIE: WOLFGANG VON PADDE
GURU: LYMAN PADDE

THE REST ARE STAFF THIS ISSUE: BILL
CASPER / CHRIS TEBOW /
STAR GIBSON / GARY THIER
DOYLE NIEMANN / JEFF SHERO
JIM SHANNON / HARRELL
GRAHAM KAREN CASPER

MORE STAFF: DIANE LAGUARDIA
GREG RUCKY HARMAN TRANDY
CHAPMAN / JOHN YORK
JOHN SHALLER
JOHN SHELLEY
MELODY MIKE HEINRICH

Natal (and/or progressed) charts
available by appointment. Also
tarot readings.
E. F. Lucy III 4026 Bluebonnet
668-3107

ASTROLOGY

UNKLASSIFIEDS

Space City! Unclassifieds are free. Fill out this form and mail to Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston 77004. Preference given to service and non-profit ads. We don't accept "sex ads." We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of sexuality, especially that of women. (Not all of them are exploitative of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't, and we don't have the time or energy to debate every ad.)

BRAND NEW ORGANIZATION! --People are getting together to seek political solutions to the problems of Houston's hospitals, drug programs, health science schools, etc. The Houston Health Organization (HHO) is open to students, health workers, health "professionals," consumers, and anyone else interested in revolutionizing health care. For more info, call the Space City! office (526-6257) and leave your name and number for Bryan. DO IT TODAY!

For Sale: Haut Surfboard—"Sunshine Special" down rader 6'10" by 20". 3 mos old.—\$110. Call 664-4492 or 664-2643.

K. Blue-eyes. The moon sleeps, smiling softly, what forgotten last histories she knows. Has he come from the sea and gone, leaving his child? Live on,—live, love, leave, but finish, not cover-up. Sorrow, guilt as joy, giving, are. Find the serene island of self in goodbye's, not guise. (not dennis).

At Last! Alternative Child Care—free environment care for small freaks and other minorities. Montrose area: Health food meals—\$3 p.r day, \$15 per week. Call JA 3-9196. Do it now!

For Sale. 1 Gibson E.B.O. cherry red Bass w/lined case and Dual Showman Amp. All for \$450. Call Terry @ 944-8484 or Robin 472-4477 after 6:00.

Suzuki '65 250cc. 7000 miles \$200. Pentax w/1.8 lens - black - \$90. Metrestar CdS Meter \$35. 5x7 photo mural/poster enlarger w/lens \$75. 16mm movie camera, 3 lenses \$30. Takumar f2/50mm lens \$25. 666-7560 or 529-9799.

Leaving the country. Need to sell: 1940 Russian Tokarev semi-auto rifle \$70, new Koyzertina \$30, Nazi S.A. dagger \$30, and pair of old-fashioned dress shoes \$4. Call Stefan, 528-1000.

3-bike trailer. New tires & spare. \$85. Vox Jaguar Organ 240 watt bass amp w/2 12-in. CTS speakers—both for \$525. 69 Mach 1 \$2350. Charlie Welz 331-3326.

For Sale. Short. Body Glove Wetsuit. Contact Johnny 864-4609. \$15.

14th Annual Chi Omega Chautauqua Benefit for the Harris County Center for the Retarded. Guests: Tony Sander & Ralph Young at Jones Hall, Wed., Nov. 18. 8:30 p.m. Tickets, call 782-3140. \$3—\$10.50.

For Sale. GE Portable stereo and headphones. Sounds good. Jim Oates 668-3107.

Struggling young actor needs parts. Will do underground and avant-garde films, as well as short subjects. Call Andy, 521-9794.

VW Bus for sale, Kombi model 1969 am-fm, \$1900-will negotiate. JA 4-4449.

Non-violence is not dead! Texas Workshop in non-violence will be held Nov 6, 7 & 8 in Hennessey House, 2001 North Florest St. in San Antonio. Focus will be on MILITANT DIRECT ACTION. Contact AFSC Box 1398 San Antonio, Texas 78206.

Van needed for \$400 or less; call Foxey 633-1432 or Bill 782-7472.

Space City! needs more lumber to build shelves and to make our office more secure. Shelving material, two by fours, and large sheets would be particularly helpful. Call Space City! at 526-6257.

Are you concerned with better education? Help a like-minded group of people. The people arrested at th. School Administration Building on Sept. 14 need your help in paying for legal defense. Checks may be made payable to MAYO. All contributions should be sent to the Northside People's Center, 1501 Brooks, Houston, Texas.

BIZARRE BAZAAR! 1000 extraordinary items—hex to sex! Occult—Voodoo—Witchcraft supplies. Weird books and recordings, unearthly miscellany. Low prices. Giant illustrated catalog 10 to: IMPORTERS' Box 2505-H, Prescott, Ariz. 86301.

Must sell, need to split—Muskat 70004 Solid State Radio Recorder, FM/AM Radio, Cassette player & recorder, batteries or AC, 3 tapes including The Band, first \$50. 2 Surboards, one East of Hawaii 8'2" v bottom, other custom pin tail flat bottom 7'2" \$35 ea. (good price). 4 track tape for car, Muntz, 3 tapes—Led Zepplin, Beatles, ? (forgot) \$20—works nice. Best time to call is between 6 & 7:30 p.m. 522-5241.

For Sale: Distressingly immobile Honda Benly 125, '63 vintage. Make me an offer. Barry Klein, 312 Dennis/Bagby.

Wanted: Fully equipped bass player preferably with P.A. to play in rock and jazz group. Wierdos preferred, but be prepared for hard work with classically trained musicians. Rick—695-8971 or Mike—747-8576.

To CHIP. (friend of Dick Walker call Brenda at 523-9593)

An Introductory Packet to WOMEN'S LIBERATION by Atlanta Women's Liberation. Articles covering basic issues of our movement including: —Childcare—Contraception—Black women and the struggle for liberation—Lesbianism—Female schizophrenia—Working women—A straight job—and 5 other articles plus a literature list. Send .50 plus .10 mailing cost to Box 5432, Station E, Atlanta, Ga. 30307.

To Atlanta Ga.—Leaving around Oct 16. I will ride 1 or 2 girls. Expenses paid. Call Huber after 4 pm. 226-9307.

Wanted: M4 30 Cal. rifle in Good Condition! Danny Sepulvado HI-2-2970 after 6 pm.

Professional Lead/Rhythm Guitarist, Harmonica; Composer, Arranger, Vocalist, Sideman needs gigs. Duane 498-4215.

New Impoverished Space City! staffers need some dressers, desks, chairs (straight and easy), rugs and mirrors (to practice Karate). If you have some of these items lying around you'd like to donate call Space City! at 526-6257.

For sale. One photocopier. Also want office desk. 774-0000

To FRANK, the guy with the green sports car, who was a Windsor Plaza Bowling Alley Friday, Oct. 3, and had to bring me home and got a ticket as doing so. Please come by or call me at 499-1150. Ask for Laura, I really dug you.

I have a large apt. to share w/2 girls, \$40 mo. ea. 717 Welch upstairs.

If you are between 21 & about 35 years old & interested in joining or forming a commune in Houston, call Morris 529-2080—6 to 7 p.m. Mon. thru Fri.

VW Bus 1969 Kombi. AM-FM Rad.o. Red. Middle seat. Smells new. \$1950. JA4-1443.

SUBSCRIBE

BY MEANS OF THIS
HANDY SUBSCRIPTION

3 FOR
SERVICE
MEN

\$5 A
YEAR

FREE
TO
PRISONERS

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

BACK ISSUES ONLY 25¢

SPACE CITY! ★ 1217 WICHITA ★ HOUSTON ★ 77004